

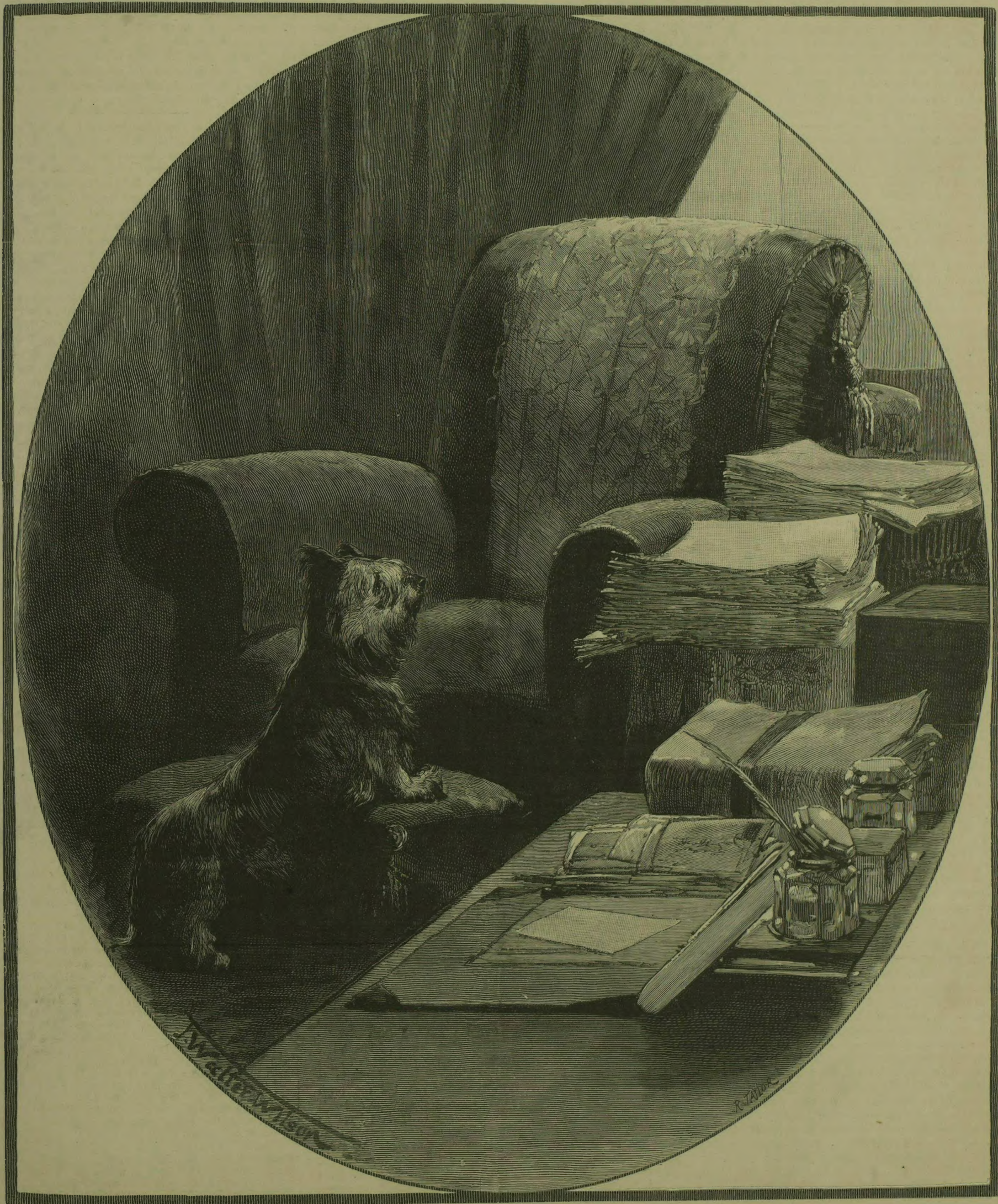
# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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A SKETCH IN THE DINING-ROOM, WHERE MR. BRIGHT SAT, AT ONE ASH, ROCHDALE.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Among the many charms of the country in summer-time, that of reading out-of-doors has always been reckoned among the chief. The poets have sung its joys, and the world has joined in the chorus. It is idle to argue that a chair is preferable for comfort to any seat on earth, and was constructed to remedy an inconvenience. Stones—ever so small—under the elbow, when the whole weight of the body is pressing upon them, will make themselves felt; an earwig that has found its way to the back of your neck has a tendency to withdraw the thoughts from “the sounding line,” the classical essay, or the romantic fiction; spiders, woodlice, and even leaves, when they have obtained a lodgement in “ticklish” portions of the human frame, distract the attention. These little things, however, are held as nothing compared with the bliss of study in the open air. The only two weighty objections that have been seriously urged against it are bees and the rheumatism. Blue-bottle flies some people can stand (though I can’t); but everybody dislikes the “fretful persistence” of the bee; if it stings him it makes him “sit up” and use language altogether discordant with the “Poems of the Affections,” if he happens to be reading them. As for rheumatism, we are all of us acquainted with it: old men and maidens, young men and children, now all have it somewhere; and, indeed, it is the fear of it more than anything else which has put reading out-of-doors rather out of fashion.

Mark, however, the wonderful resources of Science!—how it actually makes use of one evil to drive out another and more serious one. A German doctor has discovered, says the *Gardener's Chronicle* (a partisan, of course, of outdoor everything), that rheumatism is cured by the sting of a bee—or, rather, by a good many stings. To 173 patients he has applied 39,000 stings with the most gratifying results. The number sounds a little alarming; but he assures us that “after the first sting the pain becomes less and less, till at last it's gone”: and when it goes rheumatism departs with it. As in a well-known instance of the cow's tail and the moon you have only to be stung *enough*. So now we can all read out-of-doors and be happy, for where the poison is there is also the antidote. The *Gardener* endorses this scientific discovery by the statement that he has frequently heard rheumatic cottagers say they have been relieved by the sting of a bee. Apart from the revival of a charming and poetic practice thus ensured, it is a matter of congratulation in the present depressed condition of our agriculturists that a new “health-resort”—the beehive—will now be established among us. Bee-masters at least will flourish. Orders from rheumatic patients for a couple of pounds of bees (by Parcel Post—one hopes, not with “the ends open”) may confidently be expected from all quarters. I only wish that a certain persistent buzzing in the ears (which friends assure me arises from “a bee in my bonnet”) could be somehow utilised for my rheumatism.

There was once a discussion in the smoking-room of a well-known Pall-mall club—but not one belonging to either of “the Services”—as to what was “the national weapon.” Of course, it used to be the long bow—but that is now only used for offensive purposes, in politics. Some said the rifle, some the cricket-bat; but, upon the whole, the conclusion was arrived at that the national weapon was the umbrella. It never leaves the hand of an Englishman (unless another Englishman has stolen it); save when quite new, it is rarely sheathed; it is waved in victory; it is seldom thrown away even in defeat. There is certainly no other arm (except the revolver) which inspires such universal terror in the hands of those who do not know how to use it. “With heads all stooping low, with points all in a row” (after the manner of Cromwell's cuirassiers at Naseby) they charge into the omnibus, and, “like a whirlwind, on the trees, like a deluge on the dikes,” scatter its terrified inmates; or, tucking it under the arm, they aim with it, in the street, at the eyes of all their fellow-creatures who happen to be a few inches shorter than themselves; to those before them or behind (like the scythed chariots of the ancient Britons) they are equally dangerous; and, having blinded them for ever, only remark “Dear me!” or at the most “Beg pardon!” The only doubt about the efficiency of the umbrella was whether or no it was lethal. This has now been established in its favour. One not only put the eye out of an opponent the other day but killed him. If the Government are not able to carry out their intention of increasing the Navy, perhaps they will institute an Umbrella Corps.

It is not only ladies in the “upper suckles,” like Mrs. Rawdon Crawley, who make, it seems, a purse for themselves unknown to their husbands. “You might have spared me a hundred pounds out of all this, Becky—I have always shared with you” are, to my mind, among the most pathetic words in Fiction. At the same time, we must remember that, under certain circumstances—when, for example, the husband is a spendthrift or a drunkard—it would be quite pardonable for a wife, against the evil day that is sure to come, to “make a purse,” if she can, both for herself and him. Only the amount of money should be in proportion to their circumstances. A chimney-sweep, the other day, after his wife's death, for which he was in the deepest mourning—“not only the trappings and the suits of woe”—was investigating an old chest of drawers belonging to her (as far as grief would permit him), when he came upon two purses, the one containing £200 and the other £60 in gold. It is probable that his feelings upon this discovery were a little mixed; he was exceedingly pleased to find his wife had been so rich; but it must have struck him that the acquisition of this hoard was not a proof of her trust in him: it was a bit of a trick, and not the confidence trick. It is probable that his Second will find him much sharper in looking after his domestic expenses—in seeing how the money goes, or rather does not

go—than his First did; and it will be rather a piece of poetical justice as regards the latter lady, if her savings of a lifetime should have the effect of rendering her husband a desirable *parti*.

Far and away the most interesting paper in the magazines for April is the “Gabions of Abbotsford,” not, indeed, from its contents, but from the fact that it is a hitherto unpublished article by Scott himself. It is alluded to in Lockhart's *Life of Sir Walter* as “The Catalogue of the Gabions [i.e., curiosities] of the late Jonathan Oldbuck.” It was suggested to the great novelist as a labour of love, in his old age, by Mr. Cadell, and in hopes to wean him from the heavier literary tasks that were pressing him into his grave. The work was undertaken, but soon left a mere fragment, and here it is. I know not how much the interior of Abbotsford may have been altered since this catalogue of its “curios” was composed, but what may still remain there as it then was should be doubly interesting to whosoever has perused this article. Lady Maxwell Scott is herself responsible for its genuineness. One of the gabions, an ancient bronze pot of vast size, was originally the property of one who was by no means an antiquary, and whose cook, indeed, had blackleaded and used it as a kitchen utensil. When this gentleman's goods came to the hammer, Scott and a neighbour bid against one another for its possession; whereupon an old woman who had come to buy gave up her errand. “If the great folk bid a’ thae guineas for a kale-pot,” she said, “it's needless for me to wait for the frying-pan.” There is also a good story of the trick played on Mr. Constable, who undertook to recognise every book in Sir Walter's cabinet, blindfold. Some joker placed in his hand a volume which, though of the same size and form, did not belong to them. “Well,” said the literary expert, “I must own that my memory in this case is not so good as I thought.” There is a touching reference to the portrait of Scott's elder son, which he describes with technical indifference as the picture of “a young Hussar nearly related to the proprietor” and worthy of attention because “painted by the eminent artist William Allen.” The paper, for many readers, will, I fear, have little attraction; it will be as cold and mechanical as a list of the furniture at Beckford's Fonthill; but to those for whom the Wizard of the North still keeps his wand unbroken, it will be the gem of the month. It was written about 1831, just before the beginning of poor Sir Walter's end.

At a time when the Western World is all agog for “short stories,” and the “shilling shocker” is supposed to be a short cut to fortune, which is not to be expressed by the “nimble ninepence,” it is quite refreshing to find the East still faithful to the old literary faith. A great book may be a great evil with the railway reader, but not with the stately students of India, who probably peruse their literature on that “slow, earth-shaking beast,” the elephant. On his capacious back repose the other ninety-nine volumes of the work in hand. The latest product of the Indian press, “The Mahābhārata,” is an epic poem in Sanskrit containing 200,000 verses, and “embraces wellnigh all that exists of Hindoo history, theology, antique manners, and legends”; even in diamond type it would hardly be a pocket volume. As a matter of fact, only forty-eight numbers out of ninety-eight have been printed, not because the type has run out, but the money. Its editor, Pratapa Chandra Roy, has translated the whole into English, but can't get on with the work for want of funds. He, therefore, appeals to the British public for whose benefit the stupendous work was undertaken. What seems curious, he has persuaded the Commander-in-Chief in India, Sir Frederick Roberts, to back his application for the necessary £3000. It is the first time to my knowledge that the military have been called in (or out) to the assistance of literature. The argument of the newspapers, “those fond of a good long read should not hesitate to respond,” seems almost frivolous, and certainly inadequate to the occasion. Such a new departure in letters is surely worthy of much finer sentiments. Moreover, from a practical point of view, it looks full of promise. Why should not the sympathies of the military be enlisted for similar purposes here at home? We have no war on hand for the moment, and though I would not absolutely suggest a “forced circulation” at the point of the bayonet, it would be very pleasant to have the army at the back, as it were, of one's book, “pushing” it. “Strongly recommended by the Commander-in-Chief, Generals in charge of districts, and the Coastguard”—my ignorance of military terms has, perhaps, prevented my shaping the thing just as it should be; but some advertisement of that kind would be very effective. I had thought of bringing in the “Reserve” forces, but the word is subject to misconstruction, and I should prefer my own “Mahābhārata” to be sold without it.

School periodicals are notorious failures; they are of two kinds—the serious and the practical. The former is full of essays of the classical sort, on the genius of Burke and the causes of the great French Revolution, leavened with translations from Horace. The latter is much less ambitious, and records the runs made at the cricket-match last Saturday, or the goals at football; it generally lives longer than the other one, but not much longer. The boys' parents are its real subscribers, and soon get tired of patronising it. The boys themselves have no money to spare for ephemeral literature; they devote their incomes to “tuck.” In private schools a magazine has sometimes a “forced circulation.” Two or three big boys start it, and if the others do not subscribe they thwack them. This heroic measure is only practicable when the school first meets, and the young gentlemen's allowances are unspent; in a few weeks the circulation languishes in spite of the most drastic treatment, and unhappily there are no advertisements.

University magazines stand on an entirely different footing, though still not a very firm one. Their life, too, is usually a

short but, so to speak, a sweet one; like that of the sizar who took too much gin, as described by the head of his college, it is “brief but voluptuous.” It sails a little too near the wind, either as regards morals or personalities, and, after a few numbers, is squelched by the authorities. I am, to be sure, speaking of those within my own undergraduate experiences, which are not of to-day, nor even of yesterday; but human nature has not yet been expelled from the youthful breast, notwithstanding the number of pitchforks at work upon it. In *The Granta* of the present time, now lying before me, I recognise something familiar; it has the air of the cloister, but not of the hearth; though there is no reason, whatever why it should not be “on every drawing-room table,” it is certainly not a domestic magazine. I envy the high spirits of the contributors, especially of the gentleman who writes “University Lyrics”: one would think when perusing them that life had nothing serious about it, except for the “old buffer” who draws the cheques for his son's collegiate expenses. It is pleasant to think he is not altogether forgotten by his offspring; his character is lightly but firmly sketched in the columns of *The Granta*. “All fathers have one method in the treatment of filial bills. They consider them monstrously extravagant and never hesitate to say so. The most refreshing thing about a father is his extreme frankness. . . . Speaking generally, he is a good man with excellent intentions, placed by Providence in a position for which his son does not think him duly qualified.”

What was not altogether unknown in my time, there is, it seems, a rival University magazine, and it is often alluded to by its contemporary in a manner that brings a pleasant waft of memory from the groves of Eatan-swill in connection with its *Independent* and its *Gazette*. We were exceedingly clever fellows when we were at Cambridge, but the present generation, to judge by this specimen of undergraduate literature, beats us; one would almost suspect that *The Granta* has assistance “from without,” as though some veteran (but by no means “superfluous”) oarsman should take his seat, unbeknown, in the University boat. Though there is a good deal of “local colouring” in the periodical to which the world at large would be absolutely colour-blind, there is certainly a metropolitan air about it; however, this may be the mere march of intellect; we knew nothing of London when we wore cap and gown, except what we saw of it during our little *cwats* (when our aunts and uncles were ill, and we stayed there for a night to pull ourselves together for the sad interview and break the journey into Berkshire). The whole “get up” of *The Granta* is much more ambitious than anything of the kind in our day. The print, the paper, the price, and especially the cartoons, which are excellent, are far above our humble flights from the University nest, and reflect credit alike on its writers and—I was going to add its purchasers, but let us hope that they pay ready money.

## THE LEVEE.

By command of the Queen a Levée was held on April 2 at St. James's Palace by the Prince of Wales on behalf of her Majesty. Presentations to his Royal Highness at this Court are, by the Queen's pleasure, considered as equivalent to presentations to her Majesty.

His Royal Highness, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor of Wales, escorted by a detachment of the Royal Horse Guards, arrived at the garden entrance of the palace from Marlborough House shortly before two o'clock, and was received by the great officers of State and the Royal household.

Her Majesty's bodyguard of the Honourable Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms was on duty in the State saloons, and the Royal bodyguard of the Yeomen of the Guard in the interior of the palace.

A guard of honour of the 2nd Battalion of the Coldstream Guards, with the band of the regiment, was mounted in the court of the palace.

The Prince of Wales, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor of Wales, entered the Throne-Room at two o'clock, attended by the usual officers of the household.

The Diplomatic circle was attended by most of the foreign Ministers, and several presentations took place.

The general circle included several of her Majesty's Ministers.

Presentations to the Prince of Wales were made to the number of about 280, the names having been previously left at the Lord Chamberlain's Office, and submitted for her Majesty's approval.

The Special Commissioners resumed their sittings on April 2, when Sir C. Russell opened his speech for the defence.

The deaths registered in London during the week ending March 30 numbered 1476, being 425 below the average in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years.

The London County Council sat on April 2 for nearly six hours. A special committee to consider the London water supply was appointed, and a report of the theatres and musicals committee led to a warm discussion.

On March 31, Patrick Hanley, who died in Clonmel Union Hospital, after having remained there four days, was found to have concealed 1498 dols. in his clothes. A conveyance of house property in Wisconsin, of the value of £1800, and some letters of introduction to members of Parliament from the President of the National League in America, were found in a box.

Major-General Sir R. Gipps has completed his term of command of the troops in the Home Military District. On March 30 he issued a farewell order, in which he acknowledged the support and cordial attention he had received on all hands during the last five years. On April 1 the command was taken up by Major-General P. Smith, formerly of the Grenadier Guards, who has lately been in command of an infantry brigade at Aldershot.

Messrs. Low and Son's annual supplement to their English catalogue of books comprises nearly seven hundred more titles than its immediate predecessor, with a corresponding increase in the number of entries in that most valuable appendix, the “Index of Subjects.” The literature of the year when classified is somewhat as follows: Theology, 912 publications; education, 779; juvenile, 470; fiction, 1314; law, 172; political, &c., 135; arts, &c., 253; travel, &c., 297; history, &c., 486; poetry, 231; serial volumes, 327; medicine, &c., 199; belles-lettres, 389; miscellaneous, 627. These figures include new editions. It should be added that the catalogue includes the prominent American books of the year.



## AMERICAN NOTES.

Nearly twenty-four years have elapsed since the downfall of the Southern Confederacy by the evacuation of Richmond and the surrender of General Robert E. Lee at Appomattox. The little children who witnessed the former spectacle are now men and women. Most of the adults of middle-age resident in Virginia and in the Southern States have much to tell of the protracted siege of Richmond and of the collapse of the Confederacy. To employ an expressive Americanism, "the bottom dropped out." The exhaustion of men and money was complete. Never was a people so prostrate, shattered, and subjugated as the South, after those four years of conflict, carnage, and desolation. Many signs of this yet remain, although Time and Nature are always merciful in covering scenes of strife and bloodshed. The business portions of Richmond have been rebuilt; huge tobacco factories are at work as in former times; the State Capitol, the churches, and other public edifices look as they did before the Civil War. The turbid James River continues to flow down to its outlet in Hampton Roads, where the renowned naval duel took place between the Confederate Merrimack and the Federal Monitor. Again does the State Legislature meet in the Capitol building, on the highest ground in "the city of seven hills," and the oldest edifice of the kind still used in the country.

But the cemeteries of Richmond tell a mournful tale of the war. In one of them a pyramid of unhewn stones marks the spot where an unknown and nameless crowd sleep their last sleep. In another, an obelisk, erected by an association of admiring women, stands in the midst of 16,000 Confederate dead who lie in serried ranks. Here and there a marble monument has been reared by loving friends, some of whom came from distant States to search for the last resting-place of husband, son, brother, or lover. But the generality lie in their silent trenches with only a small wooden slab bearing the name and the regiment and company to which the dead belonged. Often the word "unknown" appears. The inscriptions are being slowly obliterated by the weather, and in a few more years they will disappear, and the wood itself will rot. Yet in thousands of homes, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, tender memories are cherished of those who gave their lives for a hopeless cause. Most of these died in hospitals, from wounds or from diseases induced by privation and suffering in camp. Then there were those, estimated at 70,000, who perished in the Siege of Richmond, and in the battles waged in its immediate neighbourhood. Most of these were hastily interred where they fell. Others, in their uniforms of blue or grey, now peacefully repose together in the National Cemetery; where, as all over the States, loving hands carry wreaths and flowers annually on Decoration Day.

It is strange, and almost incredible, that Richmond should have resisted so long the enormous Federal armies. The explanatory suggestion has been made that for strategic reasons, if not for political purposes, the siege was not pressed for many months to the last extremity. Gigantic earthworks yet remaining on all sides show what preparations were made for resistance. Survivors tell the straits to which the city was reduced long before the surrender. Many of the commonest necessities of life became unattainable luxuries. Delicate and refined ladies had to wear the coarsest homespun, and to perform the meanest offices. Salt was procured with difficulty, and at enormous prices. Quinine there was none, and thousands of lives might have been saved if this and other common medicines had been procurable. For months the Federal commanders were tightening their iron net around the doomed city, and at length it succumbed to absolute starvation.

With the fall of Richmond the Confederacy was broken and pulverised. What is the present mood of the Southern people? To say that they are acquiescent and jubilant would be too much, and more than could be expected of average human nature. Still, it must be said that they have accepted the inevitable. They have no desire for a restoration of slavery. That system was avowed by Vice-President Stephens as the corner-stone of the Confederacy, and although for the first two years of the war the politicians of the North steadfastly denied that they were fighting for the abolition of slavery, observant persons there and in England knew that this must become the vital and ultimate issue. Leading politicians and divines in the South, who were once strong pro-slavery men, now avow their concurrence in and their relief at the change. Nor does there seem to be any latent feeling in favour of renewed attempts at secession at some future time. It is not surprising that a remembrance of the horrors of General Sherman's military raids through Carolina and Georgia, and of the political methods subsequently employed under what is known as "carpet-bag rule" during the process of reconstruction, should still rankle in the minds of many Southerners. Yet, for all this, they have submitted to the inexorable logic of events, although recent events show that in some States determined efforts are being made to debar the negro from exercising his constitutional rights.

The immediate future of the coloured people awakens considerable solicitude, and presents grave problems to the statesman and the sociologist. Much is being done to roll away the terrible reproach of illiteracy. The task is so gigantic that it cannot be accomplished without enormous labour and expense. Municipal and State systems of education have been instituted. Private beneficence and public efforts have established numerous training and industrial institutions. Fisk University, at Nashville, Tennessee, is well known through the visits of the Jubilee Singers to England. Many have also heard of the Howard University, at Washington; of the Lincoln University, at Oxford, Pennsylvania; of the one at Atlanta, Georgia; and of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute in Virginia. There are many other organisations, sustained by various religious denominations or by general subscriptions, and the Peabody Fund for Education in the

South is doing a noble work. So great is the thirst for knowledge among the generation that has sprung up since liberty was proclaimed throughout the land, that the demand for teachers far exceeds the supply. There is urgent need for wise and efficient instruction. The negro nature is emotional and imitative. It is dazzled by verbal pyrotechnics and by superficial display. Now that the privileges and responsibilities of citizenship are possessed, it is of supreme importance that these should be accompanied by intelligence, or the negro voters will become the dupes and tools of unscrupulous party politicians and adventurers.

This is only one of the problems which the Transatlantic Sphinx is propounding. Is there an Œdipus to furnish correct answers? It is not enough to indulge in a cheerful optimism that in some unknown way everything will come right. What, for example, is to be the national character of the next generation? Half a million of people, drawn from every European country, have descended upon the American shores for more than twenty years. They have increased and multiplied and replenished the land. Their own race-characteristics, their habits, their opinions, cannot fail to exert an influence upon the original American stock. More than nine millions of persons of Irish descent—or nearly twice the number of the present population of Ireland—are found in the United States. The Germans are there in millions. French, Italians, Scandinavians, Poles, Croats, Hungarians, Russians,

riches which they have not the intelligence or the moral sense to use other than for selfish or sensual purposes—are awakening deep concern in thoughtful minds. Over against this must be set another group of circumstances, largely serving as a counterbalance.

If vast fortunes are made rapidly, even to the extent of making their possessors "potentially rich beyond the dreams of avarice," according to Dr. Samuel Johnson, there are not a few instances of munificent gifts, during the lifetime of the donors, such as scarcely find a parallel in England. Universities, museums, libraries, hospitals, and similar institutions for education and philanthropy, have been established and endowed in a manner that deserves to be called princely. Stephen Girard, a native of France, but long resident in Philadelphia, bequeathed £400,000 for the gratuitous instruction and support of destitute orphans. Senator Stanford has eclipsed this large gift in the University which he has presented to California in memory of his only son. In the same State the Lick Observatory has been built and equipped at an expense that places it at the head of such scientific institutions. The Vanderbilts, of New York, have bestowed out of their almost boundless wealth large sums for University and hospital purposes. The Peabody benefactions are too well known to need more than a passing reference. Smith College, for the higher education of girls, at Northampton, Massachusetts, is the result of one generous gift. Vassar College, on the Hudson, also for girls, is largely the same; although in neither of these is the instruction gratuitous. Wellesley College, near Boston, where upwards of six hundred girls receive the highest possible instruction, including board, for £70 a year, was built and is being endowed by many generous gifts.

Many similar seats of learning have been established by individual or collective munificence; besides the tens of thousands of public schools supported out of the taxes. Some States, like Michigan and Minnesota, have large and flourishing Universities founded out of the public domain. Others, like the renowned Johns Hopkins University at Baltimore, or Cornell University at Ithaca, New York, or Lehigh University in Pennsylvania, are the outcome of private benevolence. One of the latest instances of the kind is a donation of £200,000 for the purpose of founding a University at Worcester, Mass. The list is by no means exhausted, but these specimens will sufficiently denote what is being done by wealthy patrons of learning in America. In this, and in the working out of the various problems already noticed, her people have the confidence and sympathy of England. W. H. S. A.

The ninth annual exhibition of the architectural and building trades has been held at the Agricultural Hall, Islington.

The Lord Chief Justice presided on March 30 at the annual dinner of the Birmingham Law Students' Society, and spoke at some length on the fusion of the legal branches.

The trout season in the Thames opened on April 1, and will continue until Sept. 9, the close season beginning on the 10th of that month. All Thames fish, except trout, are now fenced, and the fence season for coarse fish lasts until June 15, inclusive. No trout may be basketed under 16 in. in length, and a penalty

can be enforced against anglers found in possession of smaller fish. Other fish than trout taken in the coarse-fish close time must be returned.

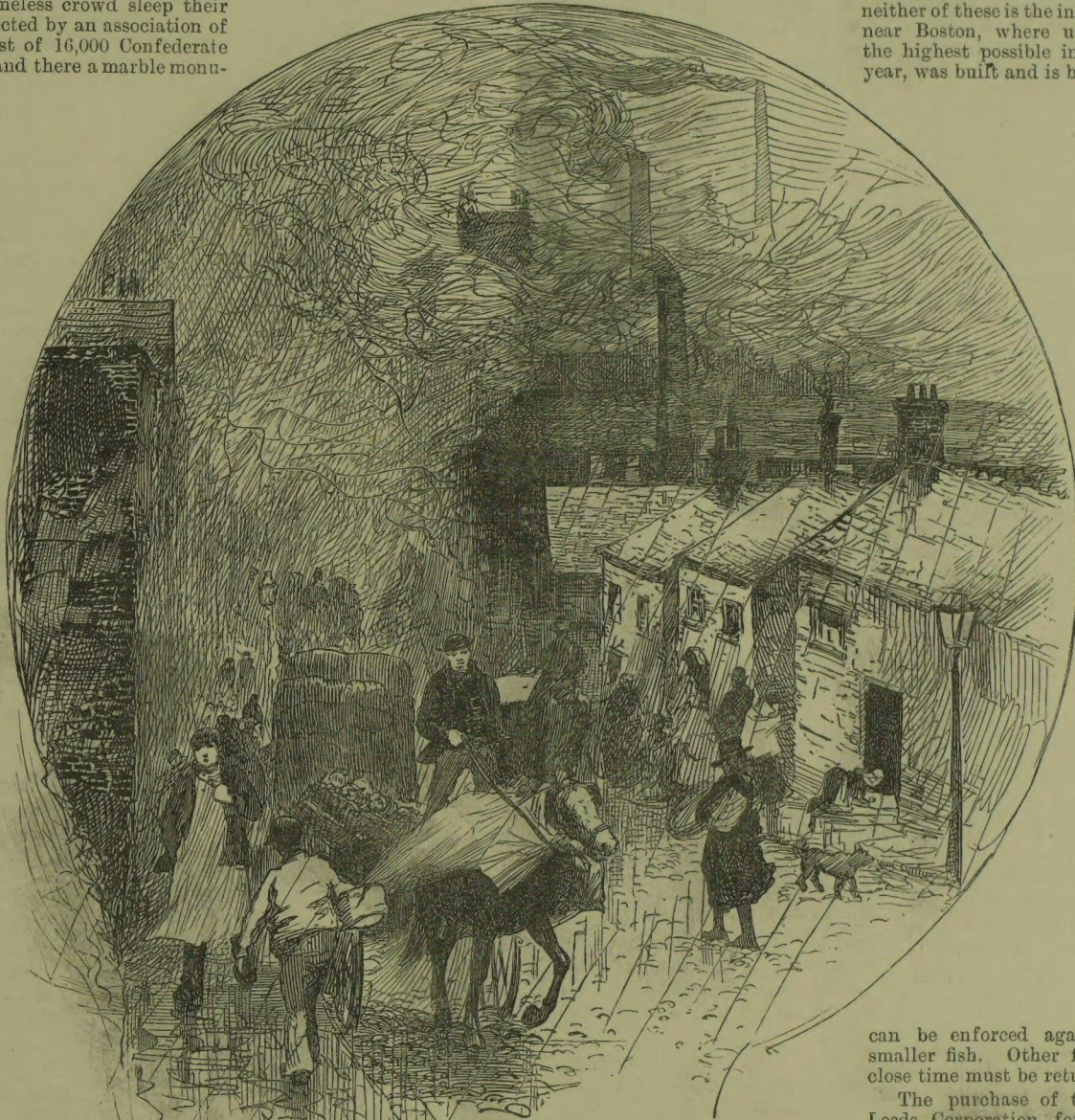
The purchase of the Leeds Coloured-Cloth Hall, by the Leeds Corporation, for the purposes of street improvement, was completed on April 1. The purchase money, £66,000, was paid to the trustees by a cheque for that sum, after which the trustees entertained the representatives of the Corporation at luncheon.

The Emigrants' Information Office has just issued its first circular, which contains information relating to Canada and the Australasian and South African colonies. In each case details are given as to the cost of the passage, whether assisted or unassisted, the demand for labour and the rate of wages, and the conditions on which land may be acquired.

The hearing of the information filed by the Attorney-General on behalf of the Crown against Mr. H. Stephenson and his three sons, wine and spirit merchants, of Birmingham, to recover penalties amounting to between £4000 and £5000 for keeping an illicit still in a vault at Birmingham, ended in the Queen's Bench Division on March 30, when judgment was entered for the Crown for £4600.

With the object of assisting the Irish Cottage Industries, whose permanent dépôt is at Albert Mansions, Knightsbridge, a sale of lace, needlework, and fancy work was opened on April 1 by the Duchess of Abercorn at No. 7, Buckingham-gate, the residence of Mrs. Mackay. The Duchess of Abercorn, having formally opened the bazaar, took charge of a stall chiefly furnished with handkerchiefs. The Countess of Kilmorey and Mrs. Ronalds disposed of lace, while Mrs. Labouchere vended house-linen, this being the leading product of the cottagers. Mrs. Mackay, Lady Puleston and her two daughters, and Mrs. Horne Payne gave ready assistance in all directions, and Mrs. Conyer and Miss Leigh presided in the tea-room. The sale was continued during the remainder of the week at the society's dépôt, Albert-gate Mansions, Knightsbridge.

A letter from Mr. H. M. Stanley was received in Edinburgh on April 1, addressed to Mr. A. L. Bruce, an intimate friend of the explorer. Mr. Stanley gives an account of his journey to the Albert Nyanza, and of the difficulties he experienced in penetrating the forests. Emin Pasha came to him on the Lake, and they were together for twenty-six days. Mr. Stanley writes in capital health and spirits. The letter appears to have taken five months to reach the mouth of the Congo. It gives a full account of the intrepid traveller's adventures and trials during more than thirteen months, from the time when, at the end of June, 1887, he parted with Major Barttelot at Yambuya, on the Aruwimi, down to the time when, having twice reached the shores of the Albert Nyanza Lake and carried succour to Emin Pasha, he had picked up the remnant of Major Barttelot's force towards the end of August last at Bonalya, on the Aruwimi, several days' march from the camp at Yambuya.

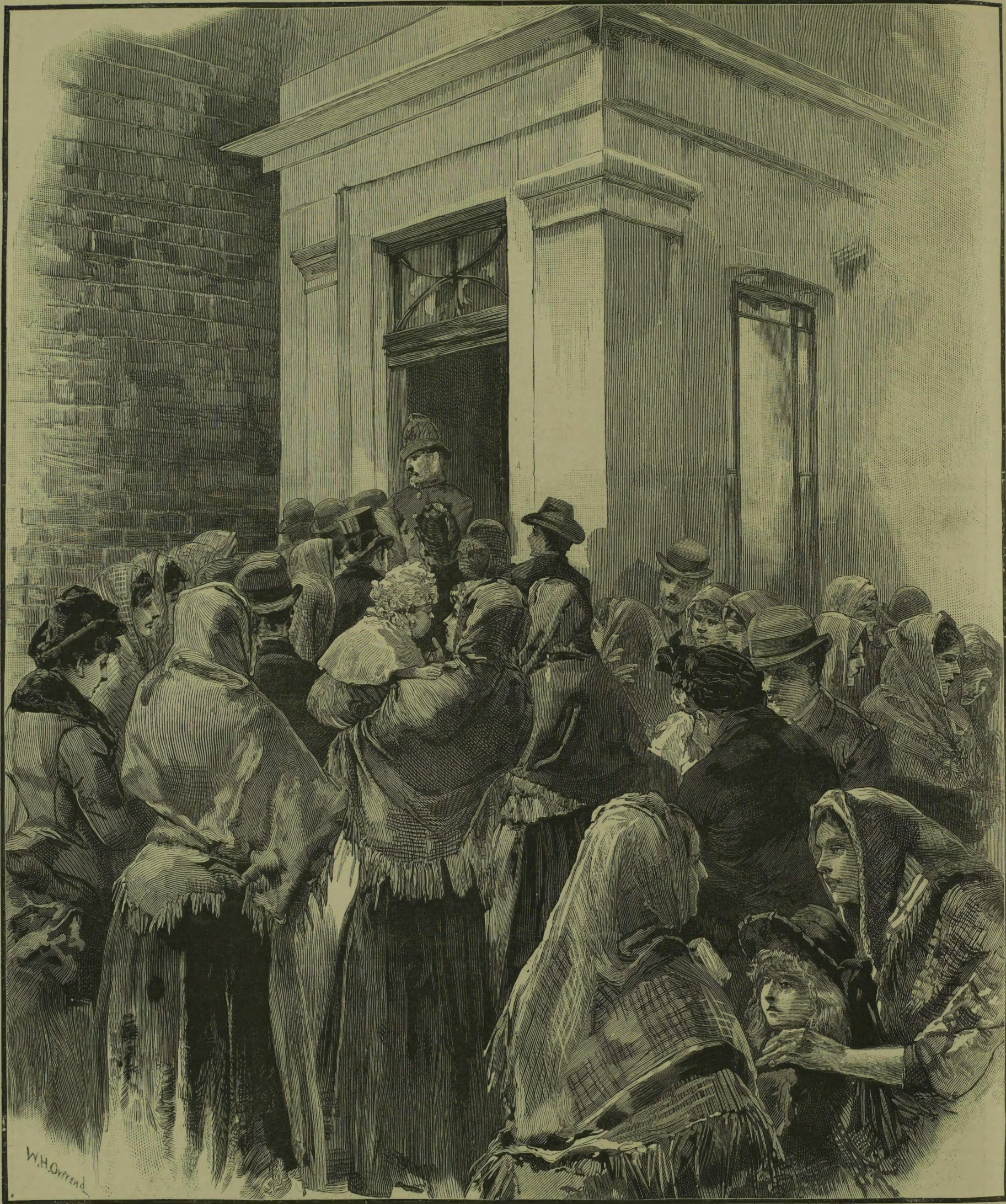


ON THE ROAD TO ONE ASH, ROCHDAL.

and other representatives of the Old World, have crossed the Atlantic in thousands and tens of thousands. They have gone to stay, and most of them have become citizens, or will be naturalised before long. Will the older settlers succeed in placing their impress upon these crowds of new-comers? Will the latter become Americanised in the best sense, or will they influence and modify what has been known heretofore as the American type? Sagacious and practical statesmen are beginning to be apprehensive of the possible outcome of an irruption such as the world has not witnessed since the Huns, the Goths, and the Vandals poured down from their Northern wilds upon Italy. Not that any comparison is meant as to character and objects, but only as to the extent and suddenness of the immigration. Will all these heterogeneous elements be blended into one homogeneous whole? If so, what will be its predominating features? Probably the common school system is doing much to determine these matters, although there are limits to its influence, and points at which contact is impossible. Without attaching undue importance to recent abnormal manifestations of Socialism and Anarchy, it cannot be disguised that some anxiety prevails among sociologists as to the effects of the opinions and habits of many of these foreigners. Their ideas of social proprieties, of law and order, of self-restraint, of amusements, are more or less alien to those which mark the original stock in the eastern and middle States. They have been admitted, too precipitately as some think, to the rights and privileges of citizenship, and their votes sometimes determine the result of an election.

Connected with this are economic questions springing out of the enormous and rapid increase of wealth, and especially its concentration in the hands of individuals and of gigantic corporations, with the attendant disputes between capital and labour. In spite of the enormous prosperity of the country as a whole, there are in the older and crowded cities numerous cases of poverty and suffering. Granted that in the majority of such instances the chief blame lies with the sufferers, owing to lack of industry or of thrift, or to drinking habits, still there is a serious menace to the community in the way in which many view the swollen wealth possessed by a comparative few, who have attained it, not by legitimate trade and enterprise, but by monopolies or by mad speculation that amounts to reckless gambling. Then, the character, the habits, and the vices of the rich young men of the day—born to inherit pléthoric





THE FRONT DOOR AT ONE ASH, ROCSDALE: WORKPEOPLE CROWDING IN TO SEE MR. BRIGHT IN HIS COFFIN.

### THE HOME OF MR. BRIGHT.

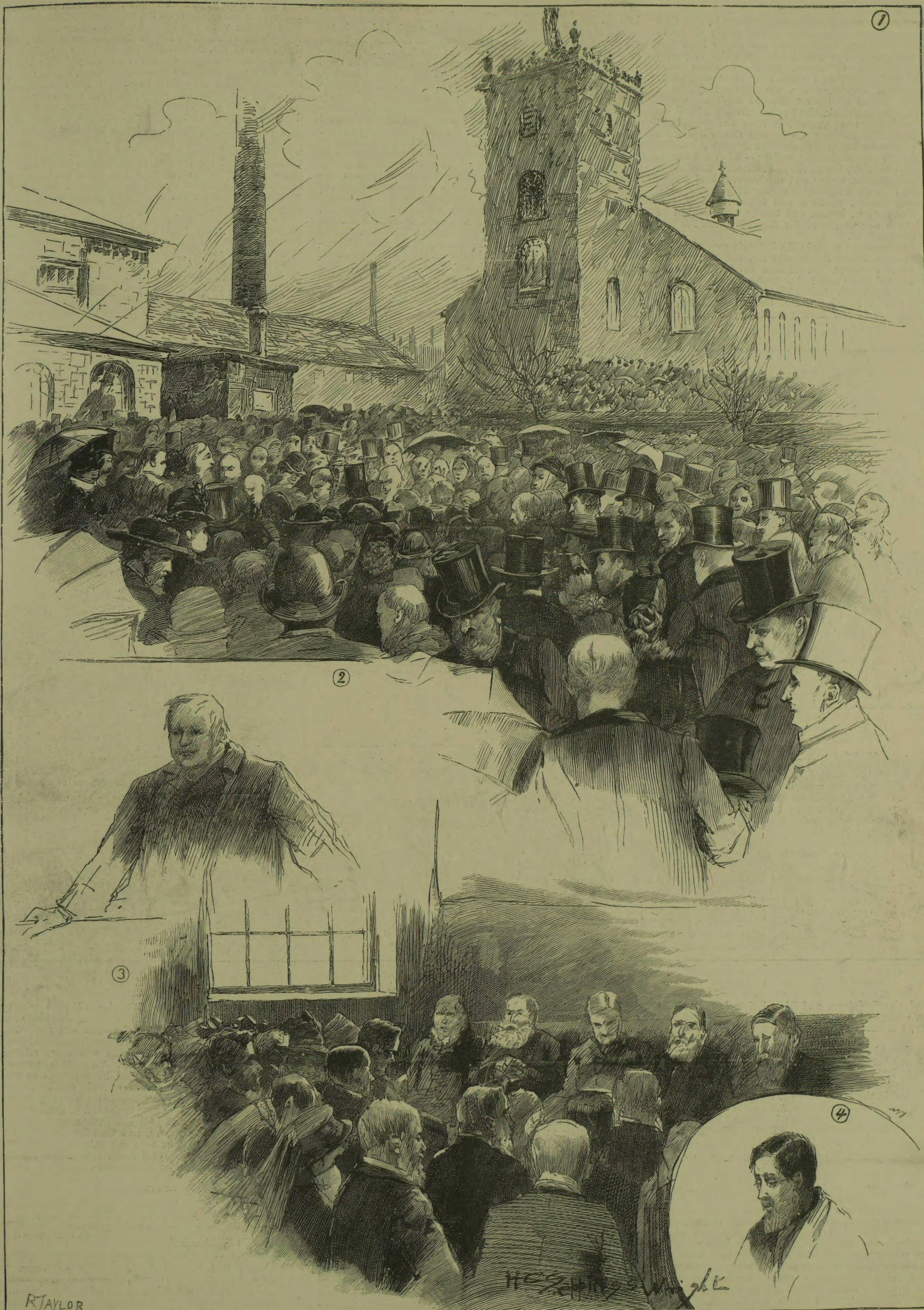
Outside the busy manufacturing town of Rochdale, which is situated ten miles east of Manchester, among the hills rising to Blackstone Edge, the boundary dividing Lancashire from the West Riding of Yorkshire, is the house that was the home of John Bright, called "One Ash" from a single tree of that species in the grounds. It stands on the verge of Cronkshaw Common, overlooking a group of factory buildings, called "the Field-houses," in which 1500 workpeople are employed by the firm of "John Bright and Brothers." It is not far from Greenbank, the old house and mill occupied in 1809 by their father, the late Jacob Bright, who had come to Rochdale in 1802; John Bright was born at Greenbank. The surrounding scene is not beautiful in its general aspect, though One Ash was a cheerful home. On the border of a wild piece of moorland which, rolling past Blackstone Edge into Yorkshire, swells upward from the valley, arises a tall chimney towering over a mass of buildings of the cotton-mill type. As the clock

strikes half-past twelve the gates open, and hundreds of Lancashire lasses and lads pour down the hill to the town. The girls step along briskly enough, and the rattle of their clogs speaks merrily of dinner-time; they are all white-aproned, and are hooded with the plaid shawl pulled over the back of the head. These are the people among whom John Bright dwelt. Were the stranger to follow them to their homes and talk with them, he would hear but one opinion expressed as to the character of John Bright as an employer. Stripped of the peculiarities of the local vernacular, the verdict was that he gave a fair wage for a fair day's work—neither more nor less. Let the visitor now turn his gaze to a pleasant house of red brick, built almost under the shadow of the tall factory chimney above mentioned. Within the wall and always open gate is a pleasant garden, a cleanly shaven lawn sloping down from a little terrace gay with flowers, to a border of shrubbery. In this plain abode of domestic order and comfort, the door is opened by no liveried footman, but by a neat servant-maid, and on entering, at the first glance the characteristic of John Bright's house is seen

to be the perfect absence of pretence. The establishment breathes an air of comfort without ostentation, and of culture without dilettantism.

There are other places besides the House of Commons, the Reform Club, and his home at Rochdale, where, to some at least, the presence of Mr. Bright would seem equally natural and familiar. He has been seen arrayed as a fisherman in the blustering March weather, casting a salmon-fly into the foaming currents which eddy round the rocks and shallows of Speyside, with hand as light, eye as keen, and touch as sure, as if time had stood still for more than a score of years; with mind as wholly intent upon the pastime as if there were no party politics and no factories in existence. The disciples of Izaak Walton and "Red Spinner" know the man whom they rejoiced over as one of themselves. But he said of salmon-fishing that its principal advantage is the "long hours in the open air." Actually, he took up salmon-fishing during his convalescence from a severe illness twenty-five years ago, and afterwards pursued it for its health-giving qualities, rather than from love of sport.





1 Scene in the Friends' Burial-ground.

2 Mr. J. Bevan Braithwaite, of the Westminster Friends' Meeting.

3. In the Friends' Meeting-house.

4. Dr. Hayle, of Rochdale, Mr. Bright's Medical Attendant.



## THE FUNERAL OF MR. BRIGHT.

On Saturday, March 30, the remains of the late Mr. John Bright were interred in the burial ground of the Society of Friends, at Rochdale, amidst expressions of sorrow and affectionate esteem from many thousands of people. Mr. Bright's family were desirous of fulfilling the wish of their father by making the funeral as unostentatious as possible, but they yielded to the earnest solicitations of the people of Rochdale to allow a procession to accompany the hearse from One Ash to the graveyard. The streets through which it passed were thronged with spectators, many of whom were attired in mourning, and who showed by their demeanour their respect and reverence for the great Englishman whose loss all classes of his countrymen deplore. A few minutes before eleven o'clock, the hearse, through which the coffin could be plainly seen, was driven from the grounds of One Ash into the Whitworth-road, and went slowly down the road on its way to the burial ground. The funeral procession was arranged in the following order:— Liberal Associations, Liberal Unionists, Conservatives, Infirmary Committee, guardians and overseers, clergy and ministers, School Board, Town Council, borough Magistrates, county Magistrates, eight bearers, hearse, family, relations and friends, and private carriages. The bearers, hearse, and family were flanked on either side by the workpeople of the firm of which the late Mr. Bright was the head.

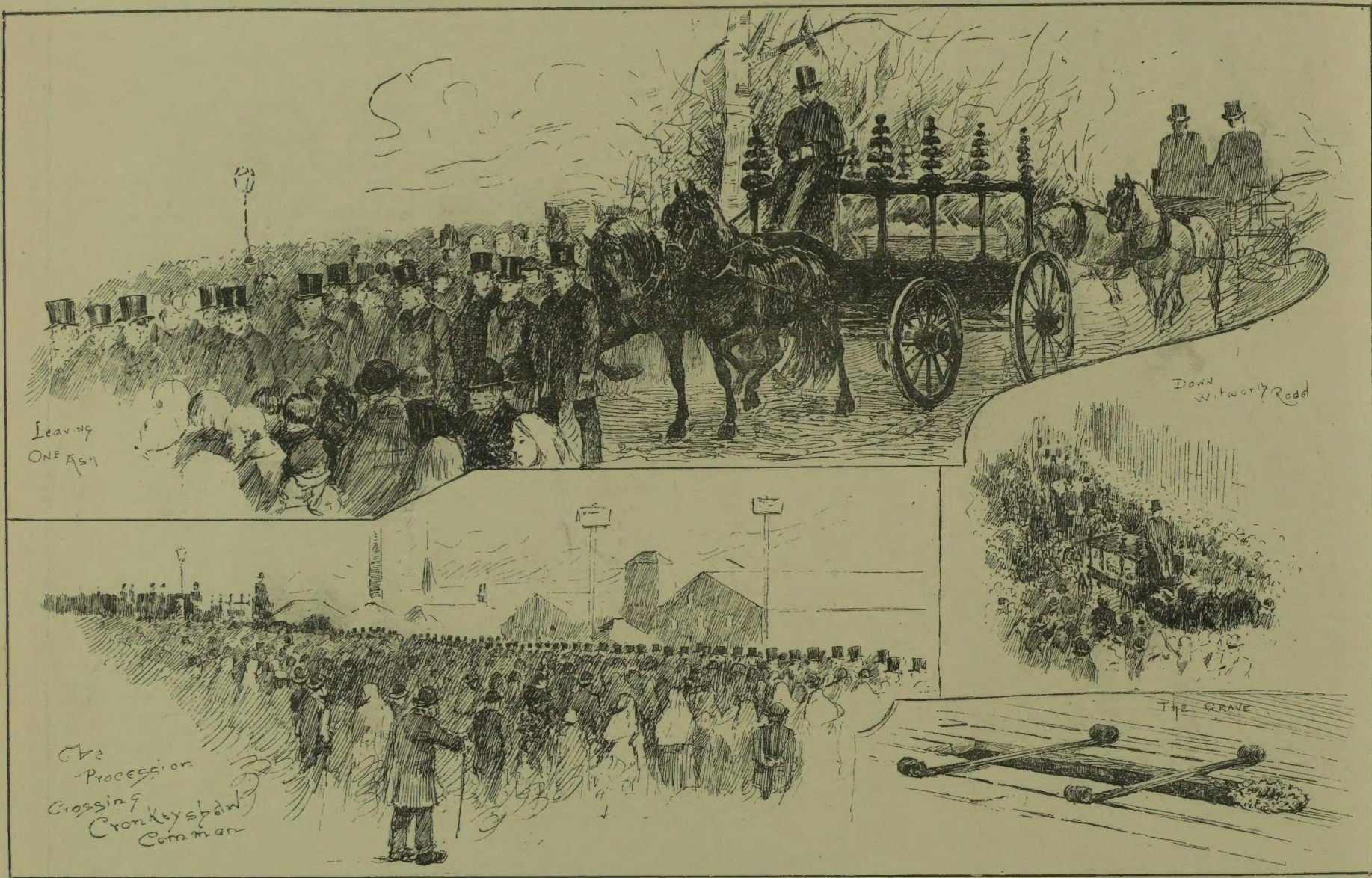
The mourners present were, in Mr. Bright's own carriage, Mr. and Mrs. John Albert Bright and Mr. and Mrs. Clark; and in the other carriages, Mr. William Bright, Mr. Philip Bright, and Dr. and Mrs. Clark; Mr. Thomas Bright and Mrs. Lucas; Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Bright, Mr. John Clark, and Miss Esther Clark; Miss Priestman, Mr. Duncan McLaren, Mr. Edward Leatham, and Mr. Arthur Leatham; Mr. and Mrs.

Frank Bright, Mr. Walter McLaren, Mrs. Blakey, Mr. Roger Clark, Mr. Leonard Roth, Mr. Vaughan (Stipendiary Magistrate at Bow-street), and Mrs. Tanner, Mr. Curry, and Mr. Bernard Roth. The workpeople of the firm walking alongside the hearse were selected from the various departments in the works and from the London and Manchester houses of the firm, Mr. A. S. Thompson being the representative of the London branch.

All along the route, which was nearly a mile in length, the window-blinds of the houses were down, and this manifestation of mourning was general throughout the town. As the procession slowly passed along, the crowds of people who lined every street on either side evinced, by their reverent bearing, the deep sense of the solemnity of the occasion. The amount of space in the Friends' burial-ground scarcely afforded standing room for four hundred people, but additional accommodation for friends and mourners was obtained by the removal of a wall which separated the ground from the adjacent churchyard of St. Stephen. On the arrival of the hearse at the cemetery, the coffin, which was covered with wreaths of flowers, was borne to the grave, which was surrounded by the family of the late Mr. Bright and a number of persons who attended either as personal friends or representatives of public bodies. Her Majesty was represented by General Gardiner; and among those present were Mr. Chamberlain, M.P., Sir George Trevelyan, M.P., Mr. Arnold Morley, M.P., Sir Wilfrid Lawson, M.P., Mr. Jesse Collings, M.P., Mr. George Dixon, M.P., Mr. William Rathbone, M.P., Mr. Powell-Williams, M.P., Sir William Plowden, M.P., and Mr. J. W. Maclure, M.P. (whose brother is the Vicar of Rochdale). The silence which prevailed amongst the people surrounding the grave was broken by Mr. Braithwaite, a fellow worshipper with Mr. Bright. He, with great emotion, offered a prayer that God would enable those then gathered together to take

with them from that burial-ground the lessons of a life which should encourage them to renewed earnestness and devotion to duty. A brief address was given by Mr. W. S. Lean, principal of the Friends' College at Ackworth, at the close of which the coffin was lowered into the grave bearing four wreaths, one from the Queen with an autograph and the words "Mark of respect," one from the Prince and Princess of Wales, one from the workpeople, and a fourth from Miss Cobden with the sentence, "In loving memory of my father's best friend." For a few moments the sons and daughters of Mr. Bright lingered with the friends who had joined them, gazing at the coffin as it lay within the grave, and then proceeded to the meeting-house, where they sat in silent meditation for a short time. Mr. Braithwaite, who had prayed by the graveside, now spoke some words of consolation and hope. Dr. Hayle bore his testimony to the virtues of their departed friend; and the Vicar of Rochdale, Canon Maclure, said he should esteem it a great privilege if he might, before that meeting closed, be allowed to repeat the apostolic benediction, which being spoken, the proceedings terminated and the funeral party returned to One Ash. A large number of people who had been unable to obtain admission to the burial ground waited outside until the close of the interment, when they were permitted to enter and inspect the grave.

In most of the churches and chapels in Rochdale next day reference was made by the clergymen to the death of Mr. Bright. There was a large attendance at the morning service at the Friends' Meeting-house. Amongst the members of the family who were present were Mr. and Mrs. John Albert Bright, Dr. and Mrs. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Clark, Mr. John Bright Clark, and Mr. and Mrs. Lucas. Mr. Bright's unoccupied seat in the corner of one of the front forms was left unoccupied. Mr. J. J. Sparkes opened the meeting by reading



THE FUNERAL OF MR. BRIGHT.

a portion of the Scripture, and Mr. William Pollard, of Manchester, engaged in prayer. Mr. Pollard then spoke at some length, but made only a few direct references to Mr. Bright.

On Saturday afternoon a special service in memory of Mr. Bright was held in Westminster Abbey, the officiating clergy being Dean Bradley, Archdeacon Farrar, Canon Westcott, and Canon Rowsell. Among the large congregation which assembled in the Abbey were the Marquis of Hartington, Mr. Childers, Lord Monk-Bretton, Sir A. Otway, General Arthur Ellis (for the Prince of Wales), Colonel Colville (for the Duke of Cambridge), Lord Brabourne, the Earl of Aberdeen, Lord Ashbourne, the Lord Advocate, Mr. D. Plunket, Mr. R. Spence, Sir L. Pelly, Mr. Caine, Mr. Osborne Morgan, Sir J. Pease, Mr. Baumann, Sir U. Kay-Shuttleworth, Mr. Ritchie, Earl Compton, Mr. G. Bruce, Sir J. Colomb, Sir W. Barttelot, Sir H. Havelock-Allan, and other M.P.'s. At the commencement of the service, Mr. W. J. Winter played Schubert's Funeral March. Dean Bradley, in his address, said there were sighs of sorrow in the land. It was a sigh from a nation's heart when it felt it had lost one whose voice had again and again stirred the enthusiasm of his countrymen, whose name had been for nearly half a century a power in England, and who, by his splendid achievements and by his solid worth, had won by degrees the homage, not of friends and partisans alone, but of all parties and classes. He slept not within those walls, where many would fain have laid him, but in a simple grave among his own people and his own kindred. He was laid to rest, not with pealing anthem and stately service, but with the simple rites of which he spoke in years gone by with such feeling and impressive eloquence. For the first time in the history of that great church they marked the burial day of one who had lived and died within the circle of a once despised community, and they prayed that it might rebuke the bitterness of party strife within and without the Church. The anthem, "All go to one place" (Wesley), was then sung, after which the assistant organist played the Dead March in "Saul."

The Chapel Royal, St. James's, was crowded on Sunday morning; among those present being the Lord Chamberlain, Lord Skelmersdale, the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, Lord Cork, Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, M.P., and Mr. Stuart Wortley, M.P. The sermon was preached by the Bishop of Ripon, the Right Rev. W. Boyd-Carpenter. After a sermon upon the duties and responsibilities of life, the Bishop closed with an eulogy of Mr. Bright. Search, he said, the tents of Israel, there will be found in many the silver and gold which sullies and degrades; but in the tent of John Bright will be found none. Dr. Vaughan, the Dean of Llandaff, preaching in the Temple Church on Mr. Bright's celebrated quotation from 2 Kings iv. 3, "I dwell among mine own people," closed his sermon with a direct reference to the death of Mr. Bright. "It is no part of our office," he said, "while we are still among the living, to pronounce sentence upon men gone from among us to a more merciful and therefore more righteous tribunal. But it does become us to thank God for them as we mark their upward flight, to gather up the fragments of their special examples, and strive to write them deeply upon hearts left behind. Many things are for admiration only. Great gifts of persuasion, great endowments of oratory, delightful beyond comparison of other talents to the ear and to the memory, have no special admonition for us who survive. It is otherwise with features of character. That courage which could brave the disapproval of a nation—more difficult still, the ridicule of a Parliament—by protesting against what it counted an unrighteous war; that disinterestedness which could resign power for a like cause in later years at the call of conscience; that honesty which could sacrifice the most entrancing, most illustrious of friendships, when it could no longer accompany the onward march of policy; that superiority, all along and all through, to the world's smile or frown, though it knew, better almost than any, the luxury and the torture of the two—these things are not for admiration only, they are for emulation. These, and one thing more—accounting perhaps for these. That 'simplicity and godly sincerity'—a simplicity unawed by the

tyrannies, unspoil by the flatteries, of that which calls itself society; a singleness which knew no side-look or second purpose; a transparency, alike of speech and motive, which, fearing God, feared none beside; a naturalness and a homeliness which brushed aside fashion and was never ashamed of the rock from which it was hewn. These things separately, much more these things combined, have left us at once the poorer and the richer by reason of this death—the poorer, because we laid to sleep yesterday the contemporary man; the richer, because he is added now to the roll of English worthies, and so to the long list of individual witnesses to the kind of thing that England honours, and that England will not let die. 'I dwell among mine own people.' It was the choice of the life—unwillingly departed from, contentedly returned to. Death has set the seal of permanence upon it. He sleeps where he 'dwelt.'

Mr. Beckett, M.P., has given £1000 to the Doncaster Infirmary, as a gift from himself and other members of the family, in memory of the late Lady Beckett.

Miss Ada Bell has had the honour of showing the Princess of Wales some of her watercolours and oil paintings (of landscape, figure, and flowers) intended for the Royal Academy and the Grosvenor Gallery.

Lady Elizabeth Villiers has offered to increase her donation for providing new stalls in Peterborough Cathedral from £1200 to £1400. The Cathedral Restoration Committee has, accordingly, decided to contract as soon as possible for the construction of as many of the stalls as the subscriptions promised may warrant.

The Revenue Returns for the financial year ended March 31 show a net decrease as compared with the previous year of £1,329,442. This, however, is apart from a transfer of £1,400,000 in respect of Probate Duty to the Local Taxation Account—but for which there would have been an increase. As it is, the revenue is £1,545,812 more than the Chancellor of the Exchequer's estimate.



## THE SILENT MEMBER.

The Prime Minister led the way in Parliament in paying earnest tribute to the memory of Mr. Bright. Nothing could have been happier than the speech in which the Marquis of Salisbury lauded the eloquence and rectitude of the great statesman, whose loss we all mourn. The sincere eulogium was the more marked as it came from one who is himself master of an admirably lucid style of speaking. It is, perhaps, too much to hope we shall ever again listen to a voice as sweetly clear as that of Mr. Bright's in his prime—absolutely as clear as a silver bell, flinging forth tenor notes of penetrating resonance. But it was impossible in listening to Lord Salisbury's gravely-uttered panegyric in the House of Lords on that Twenty-eighth of March to avoid recognising that the noble Marquis has acquired a plainness of delivery, an English directness of speech, not unworthy of Mr. Bright himself. His Lordship stood with head slightly bent, as is his custom, and with his hands resting lightly on the table, and he was greeted with a murmur of sympathetic cheers as he thus worthily rendered homage to Mr. Bright:—"In the first place, he was the greatest master of English oratory that this generation—I may say, several generations back, have produced. I have met men who have heard Pitt and Fox, and in whose judgment their eloquence, at the best, was inferior to the finest efforts of John Bright. At a time when much speaking has depressed and almost exterminated eloquence, he maintained that robust, powerful, and vigorous style of English, which gave a fitting expression to the burning and noble thoughts he desired to utter." Lord Salisbury was similarly happy in his hearty tribute to the personal worth of his noble friend, the late Duke of Buckingham, who had with remarkable ability acted as Chairman of Committees. This well-deserved praise was gracefully echoed by Earl Granville, who likewise warmly extolled the high character of his late colleague, Mr. Bright.

The House of Commons was at its fullest on the Twenty-ninth of March, and the scene was most impressive when every member uncovered out of respect to the memory of one of the greatest ornaments of the House. The Earl of Rosebery, an assiduous attendant on all notable occasions, was conspicuous in the Peers' small gallery; and, looking down on the crowded benches, not improbably thought how much better the House would usually look were hon. members to make it a rule not to wear their hats inside the chamber. Like the late Earl of Beaconsfield in this respect, Mr. Gladstone and Mr. W. H. Smith, and, indeed, nearly all the colleagues of the First Lord of the Treasury, do sit uncovered. But the Marquis of Hartington and the great majority of members still cling to the old fashion of wearing their hats in the House. That this would be a custom more honoured in the breach than the observance was made manifest to all eyes at the memorable sitting in question.

Upon the pallid face of Mr. Gladstone, seated between Sir William Harcourt and Mr. John Morley on the thronged front Opposition bench, was the general gaze fixed; for on the day of Mr. Bright's death the Leader of the House had, in the best of taste, courteously left it to a convenient date for Mr. Gladstone's attendance to give expression to the prevailing sentiment of regret at the loss sustained by the country. The venerable Leader of the Opposition, though blanched by seventy-nine winters, seemed none the worse for his journey to Scotland to attend the funeral of Sir Thomas Gladstone. When Mr. Smith had with much fervour, and not without a becoming tremor in his voice at the outset, dwelt felicitously on the salient features of Mr. Bright's career and character, the right hon. gentleman reading from the notes of his prepared address in his anxiety to use appropriate phrases—then Mr. Gladstone rose from his place amid a solemn hush. There was in his erect figure not a particle of age visible, save in the frosty-white of his scanty locks and in his deeply-lined face. Mr. Gladstone looked as hale and upright as a man of thirty as he stood by the table—with only the briefest notes on the small piece of note-paper on the box before him. There was a personal significance in Mr. Gladstone's opening reference to the satisfaction Mr. Bright must have felt at the triumph of almost every great cause to which he had devoted his heart and mind. The one illustrious orator who ranks with Mr. Bright by common consent, Mr. Gladstone delivered himself of praise which was praise indeed when he said—"He was, and delighted to be, one of the chief guardians among us of the purity of the English tongue. He knew how the character of a nation is associated with its language, and he was enabled, as an Englishman profoundly attached to his country—the tongue of the people being to him almost an object of worship—to preserve the purity of the language of Shakspeare and Milton." Finally, it was in the finest strain of eloquence that Mr. Gladstone said of Mr. Bright that "he elevated political life to the highest point—to a loftier standard than that which had hitherto been bequeathed to his country." As Leader of the Liberal Unionist party, and as one whose political career had been in a great degree shaped by Mr. Bright, the Marquis of Hartington, with a heartier ring in his voice than usual, joined in the chorus of warm eulogy; and the noble Lord was followed by Mr. Justin McCarthy, an old friend of Mr. Bright's in the days of the *Morning Star*. On behalf of Ireland, Mr. Justin McCarthy claimed the right to lay an immortelle on the grave of the great Englishman who had departed. That Mr. Joseph Chamberlain should not have said something apter of his political mentor occasioned some surprise. But, taken altogether, the Parliamentary tribute to Mr. Bright's memory was worthy the sad occasion.

Mr. Herbert Henry Asquith, the hon. and learned member for East Fife, has already so distinguished himself by his telling speeches in the House as to render it wellnigh certain he will be invited to join the next Liberal Administration when it is formed. Rather below the medium height, Mr. Asquith has a lawyer-like face, full of thoughtfulness, a powerful voice, and the skill to use it with effect. He added to his Parliamentary reputation by the cogent way in which he supported Mr. Fenwick's motion, on the Twenty-ninth of March, in favour of the payment of members. Many weighty arguments were adduced by other hon. members against the proposed innovation, and a count-out closed the discussion.

On the First of April, Captain Bowles (who had on the previous Saturday been returned for Enfield by a majority of 1512 over the Liberal candidate, Mr. Fairbairns) took his seat amid Ministerial cheers.

The Prince of Wales on the same date made his first appearance this Session in the Peers' Gallery of the Lower House, his Royal Highness being accompanied by Admiral Lord Alcester. The attraction was obvious. Mr. Leonard Courtney took the chair in place of the Speaker; and the House was promptly launched into Committee of Supply on the new Navy proposals of Lord George Hamilton—a demand for £21,500,000 for new men-of-war. Again had hon. members before them Mr. Cremer's amendment declaring it inexpedient to authorise this large increase of expenditure, on

the score that the previously admitted adequacy of our naval armaments warranted the rejection of the scheme. But it was not the pacific speech of this working-man member that the Prince had come down to hear. It was evidently the rattling and masterly address of Lord Charles Beresford that had drawn the Prince. He approvingly watched his gallant and noble friend as, in characteristic sailorlike fashion, he once more pleaded with earnestness that the nation should be strengthened by such additions to our fleets as would give us a Navy at least equal to any other two European Powers. Mr. Forwood and the First Lord of the Admiralty defended the Ministerial Budget for the Navy; Mr. Smith applied the closure; and, Mr. Cremer's amendment being defeated by a majority of 171, the Government's resolution was sanctioned by 251 against 75 votes. It may be added that Lord Randolph Churchill, roused from the twirling of his moustache by the invitation from the Conservatives of Birmingham to stand for the vacant seat, after consideration declined the honour.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

The French Senate has passed the Convention settling the relations between England and France in respect to cable communication. The Chamber, by 263 votes to 206, has agreed to a credit of 50,000*fr.* for the competition for a monument in commemoration of the first Revolution, to be erected on the site of the Tuileries, the expense, however, being cut down from 12,000,000*fr.* to 2,000,000*fr.*—Splendid spring sunshine favoured the *Mi-Carême*, or "Mid-Lenten," festivities in Paris.—The Eiffel Tower has reached its full height of 984 ft., and the French flag was hoisted on the crowning mast on March 31. Only the lifts remain to be fitted up and the cupola at the top to be covered over. Apart from this the tower is finished. At half-past two the ceremony of hoisting the flag was performed by M. Eiffel, in the presence of M. Berger, several Municipal Councillors, and a few privileged guests.—The trial of the leaders of the League of Patriots was commenced on April 2, before the Correctional Tribunal in Paris. They all denied that the League was a secret society, and they called a large number of witnesses in support of their declaration.

Queen Christina returned to Madrid with her household on March 29 from her visit to Queen Victoria at San Sebastian. All the Madrid authorities, the Ministers, the Infantas Isabella and Eulalia, and Duke Antonio de Montpensier were at the station to welcome her Majesty back to her capital. The leading journals express the greatest satisfaction at the success which has attended the meeting of the Queens of England and Spain, and express the hope that so auspicious an event may make even more friendly, if possible, the relations between two countries whose interests so seldom clash.

The National Council of Switzerland have unanimously ratified the Commercial Treaty with Italy.

The German Emperor and Empress attended a dinner which was given, on March 28, in their honour by Sir E. Malet at the British Embassy in Berlin. On the 31st the Emperor visited the scene of the inundations in West Prussia, which the Empress Frederick visited last June. Prince Bismarck celebrated his birthday on April 1, and received the personal congratulations of the German Emperor and messages from almost all the Sovereigns of Europe. Count Herbert Bismarck has returned to Berlin from his visit to the German Embassy in London.

The Lower House of the Hungarian Diet have passed the Army Bill without amendment.

The United States Senate have confirmed the President's nominations of the following representatives in foreign countries:—Mr. R. T. Lincoln (a son of President Lincoln) to Great Britain, Mr. A. T. Rice to Russia, and Mr. Patrick Egan to Chili. They have rejected the nomination of Mr. M. Halstead to Germany.

The Victorian revenue for the past quarter amounted to £2,183,000, showing a net increase of £165,000 over the corresponding period of last year. The increase from customs amounted to £148,000, and from railways to £56,000. The receipts from the territorial departments have decreased by £52,000. The total increase of revenue for the past financial year amounted to £1,349,000.

Beneficial rains have fallen in New South Wales, especially in the districts where they were much needed.

Telegrams from Auckland give accounts of a disastrous hurricane which swept over the Samoan Islands on March 16 to 18, and sank every merchant-vessel in the roads. Three German and three American war-ships were wrecked, and the loss of life is set down at 150. Her Majesty's ship *Calliope* was the only vessel that escaped, as she had her steam up, and got outside the reef before the fury of the storm burst.

Sir James Hannen and Mr. Justice Denman will be the Easter Vacation Judges.

At St. Anne's Church, Soho, Bach's Passion music is sung on Friday evenings during Lent, and on Good Friday at four.

Mr. J. H. Bonawitz's "Requiem" is announced for April 17 at Prince's Hall.

In our description, last week, of the new free Thames ferry at Woolwich, it should have been mentioned that the electric-lighting for the two boats is supplied by Messrs. Laing, Wharton, and Down, of New Bond-street.

Our Portrait of the late Duke of Buckingham is from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent-street. Our group of portraits of the Queen of Spain and her three children is from a photograph by Fernando Debas, of Madrid.

The weekly entertainment at Brompton Hospital on April 2 was arranged by Miss Mary Liddell, and consisted of songs by the Ladies Jane and Alice Cole and Captain F. C. Ricardo; violin solos by Mr. Maurice Sartoris; also songs, with banjo accompaniment, by Miss Mary Liddell, the patients joining in the chorus. This lady also played in a pianoforte duet (on airs from "Dorothy") with Mr. Arthur Walsh, M.P. Nearly everything was encored, and the various performers most kindly responded. The second part consisted of "Old Cronies," the characters thoroughly well sustained by Mr. E. H. Whitmore and Mr. Arthur Bourchier. The patients thoroughly enjoyed the evening's entertainment.

Professor Stokes, M.P., presided at the meeting of the Victoria Institute on April 2, when a paper on the Creation Tablets gave rise to interesting remarks on the originals of these tablets, from which it appeared that, like the most ancient Egyptian, so did the most ancient Babylonian records show the early existence of a monotheistic religion. Reference was also made to the disadvantages under which European, specially English, exploration still laboured in Babylonia. Mention was also made of the great value of some new tablets from Sippara, a site the discovery of which, like all others in Babylonia, was due to Mr. Hormuzd Rassam, whose knowledge of the country, as well as of its present inhabitants and their language, had been of such value to the nation.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

Many years ago there was produced—I think at the Théâtre Français—in Paris a one-act play of singular charm. It was called "L'Éillet Blanc." A young Marquis, an *émigré* in England, stirred to deeds of daring and adventure by a pretty woman, lays a wager that, notwithstanding the extreme danger of the escapade, he will cross over to France, make his way to his ancestral château, and bring back in proof of the adventure one of the famous white carnations for which the garden is famous. So far so good. The boy Marquis crosses the sea to France, steals into the garden of his old château, and of course falls desperately in love with a pretty girl he finds there. So much in love is the handsome lad that he is in extreme danger of being caught and executed; but the girl's love for her boyish hero is really stronger than his, for she aids his escape, gets him on board the handy lugger, and the curtain falls as a shot announces the sailing of the little ship and the safety of the adventurous Marquis. Now, surely here we have the germ of Mr. Outram Tristram's unfortunate "Panel Picture"! The hiding boy in the grounds of the old château, the face looking in at the window, the agony of the faithful woman in the house, the ultimate safety, and the departing ship—they are all there. Some such idea elaborated might have made a good romantic play; but it was fatal to attach to it a deep and unfathomable mystery, in which burglars and safe-breakers and fanciful sketches of the late lamented Mr. Peace play a conspicuous part. No one could possibly understand why a somewhat common-place story of a fashionable burglar, who gets into an old château as an honoured guest and proceeds to tap the walls and search for hidden sapphires, was surrounded with a *sauce piquante* of Balzac and the Council of Thirteen. A political or socialistic scoundrel, a Nihilist, or a gentleman of some kindred persuasion, might very properly have been served up with the *sauce piquante* of mystery and slow music; but surely not Mr. William Sikes or the Spider! Everyone in the house seemed to be expecting that the burglarious Count was somehow interested in the fate of the concealed Communist; but when he turned out to be one of a thieving-gang, a very ordinary Bank-holiday young man, the previous excitement fell to zero. It would not surprise me in the least to hear that Mr. Outram Tristram originally intended this for a Nihilistic play. The sapphires and the burglars were an afterthought. Probably the "Panel Picture" was designed before the "Red Lamp," and it was thought that the Nihilistic barrel would not bear tapping again just yet. If so, this fully accounts for the difficulty, for the sapphire story does not hang well together with the Communist in ambush. How true it is, however, that experience teaches. Mr. Outram Tristram may be surprised to hear that before the first act was over many of the audience instinctively felt that the play would be an unhappy failure. It had passed the ordinary allotted limit and had failed completely to arrest the attention of his audience. And yet I am told by those who heard the play read, who studied it at home, who rehearsed it on the stage, who worked at it loyally and well, that this difficulty never occurred to anyone until the very last moment. It was not until the scene was set and the action began that anyone had the faintest idea that the play was not wholly interesting. It is unfortunate, but no words will mend the matter. Lady Monckton worked like a brave woman under very trying circumstances, and did her utmost to pull the play out of the fire. She was exposed to the heat of the battle and was in the very hottest part of the fight; but she never gave in, but led her men on when many would have sounded the recall. Mr. Beauchamp, Mr. Leonard Cautley, Mr. J. G. Grahame, and others, also did their utmost to prevent defeat—but Fate willed it otherwise. No acting in the world can save a play that has not in it the initial elements of interest. Some of us have been kindly and courteously taken to task for suggesting that an attempt was made by the audience to make poor Mr. Outram Tristram a victim of the persecution known as "author-baiting." We are assured on what appears to be incontestable evidence that authors would never be baited or bullied at all unless they insisted on appearing before the curtain in answer to a sycophantic cheer from injudicious friends and irresponsible "dead-heads." The "orders" who come and cheer to order want to see the "author of the general misery"; the paying public wish him anywhere but on the stage. Hence these tears! Surely the whole system of calling for authors is an absurd one? It should be reserved—if, indeed, it is any compliment at all—for very special and exceptional occasions. It has lost all meaning and significance. It is as absurd a fashion in its way as to demand a "speech" from a harassed manager or an exhausted actor. When authors are as often hissed as cheered when they *do* appear, surely their self-respect should suggest a little reticence?

Another instance: Mr. Sidney Grundy has given to the stage some admirable and enduring work, plays of which he may well be proud, original work in a vein apart from other men, adaptations of the very first order of merit. But was Mr. Grundy really proud of "Merry Margate"?—proud enough of it to be called and complimented on it as a work of art? I trow not. He did not even own that it was an original play. Few could detect in it much of the brilliance of Mr. Grundy's terse and telling style. And yet he took a call for "Merry Margate," and appeared in answer to a very mixed and half-hearted summons. And what, after all, is "Merry Margate"? A brief opportunity for exaggerating the comic mannerisms of Mr. W. S. Penley and Miss Lottie Venne, both in themselves as funny as they can be, but both evidently anxious to get out of themselves occasionally, and to play characters that are not distinctly labelled and ticketed "Penley and Lottie Venne, passengers to Farceland." Well, "Merry Margate" raises a laugh, but it is not a honest or a hearty laugh. It is hollow—a ghostlike laugh.

The *Theatre* for April, with its usual review of the drama, music, and the fine arts, has photographs of Miss Olga Nether-sole and Mr. E. D. Ward.

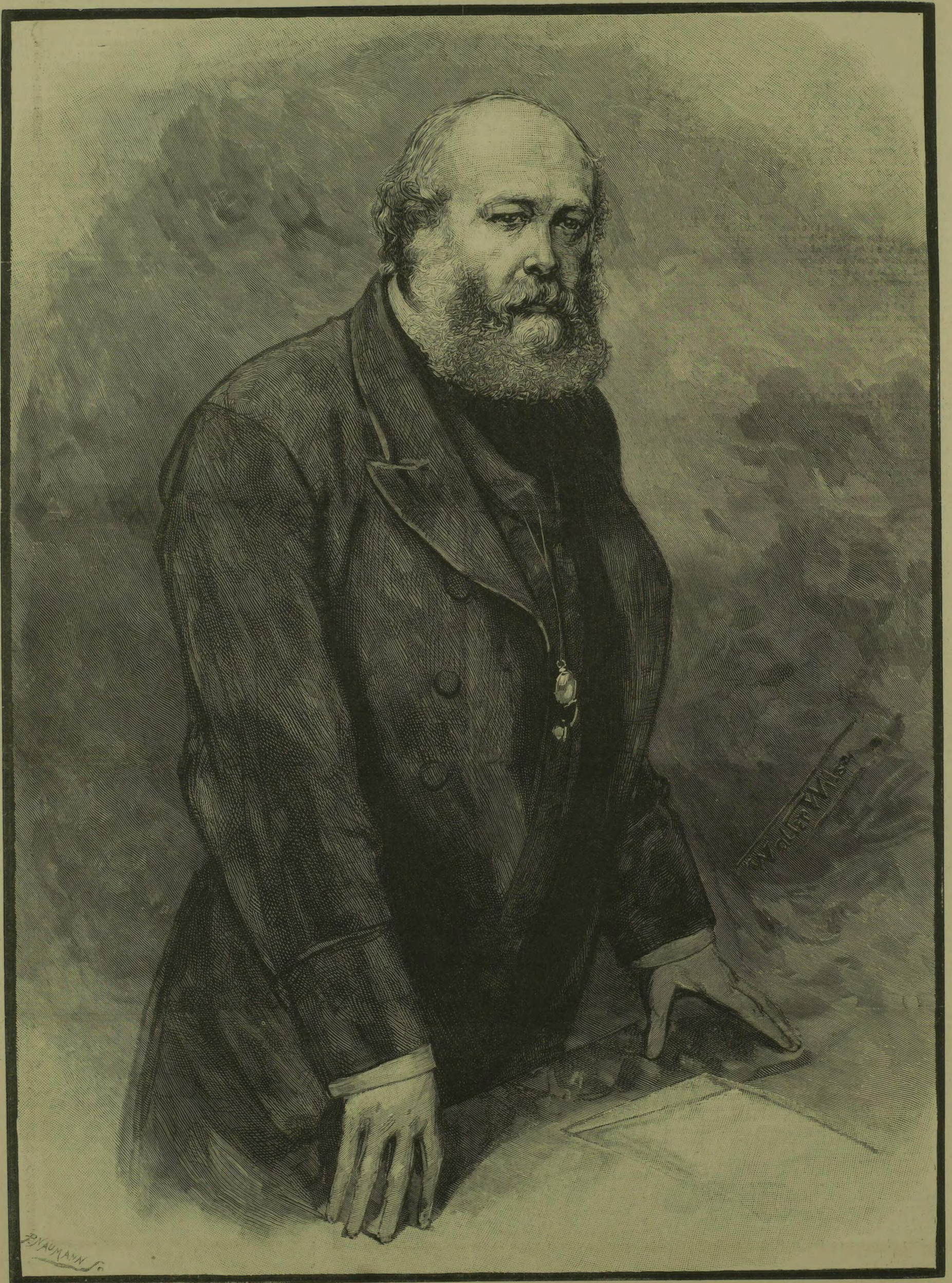
The Lyceum Theatre will be closed in Passion week for five nights—namely, from April 15 to 19, reopening on Saturday, April 20, with "Macbeth." The hour of commencing for the remainder of the season will be eight o'clock.

In our Illustration of the Strand farcical comedy of "The Balloon," last week, we regret to say the lady portrayed was, by misadventure, wrongly named. It was Miss Gabriel Goldney (the fair Miss Vere, who fears her dog has been poisoned) who was depicted, and not Miss E. Terriss.

On April 2, 250 turnpike-gates on the South Wales roads were thrown open free of toll under the provisions of the Local Government Act, and nearly 1000 miles of highway were thus disturbed. This relieves the users of the roads of an annual burden of £25,000.

By the permission of the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen, a bazaar, realising a scene from the "Arabian Nights' Entertainment," has been held in the Indian music-room at their residence, 27, Grosvenor-square, on behalf of the Church Building Fund of St. Mary's, in the East-End. Several notable artistes gave their services.

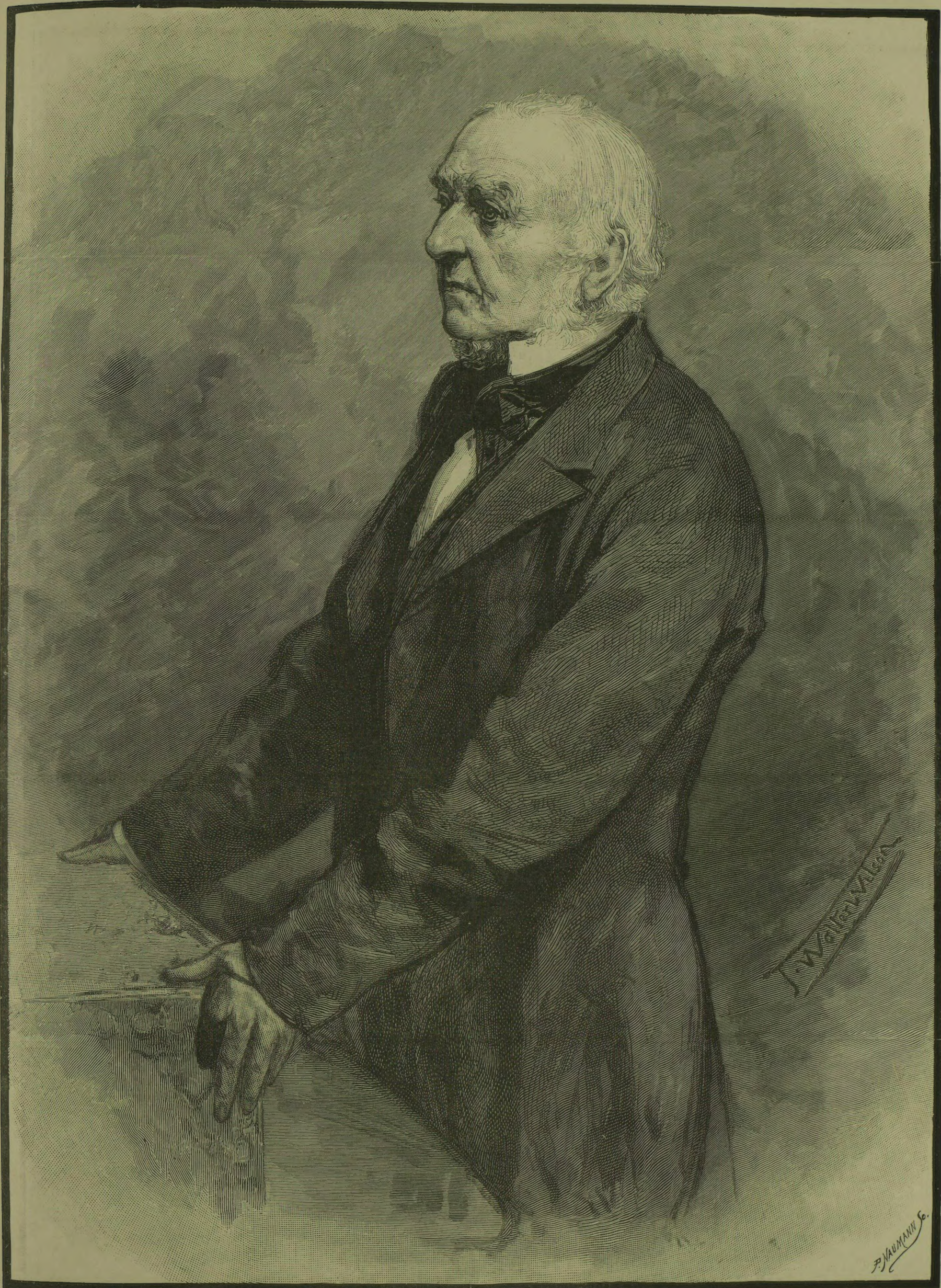




*"His action was never guided, for a single moment, by any considerations of personal or party selfishness; he was inspired by nothing but the purest patriotism and benevolence."*

LORD SALISBURY SPEAKING OF MR. BRIGHT IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.





*"The character of the man lies deeper than his intellect, deeper than his eloquence; it is the object not only of admiration and of gratitude, but of reverential contemplation."*

MR. GLADSTONE SPEAKING OF MR. BRIGHT IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.





MR. BRIGHT SALMON-FISHING.





THE QUEEN-REGENT OF SPAIN AND HER THREE CHILDREN.

The interview between Queen Victoria and Queen Christina, Regent of Spain, at San Sebastian, on Wednesday, March 27, was a gratifying event, which has a peculiar interest from the situation of Queen Christina, a young widow charged with the cares of the State on behalf of an infant son born not long after the lamented death of her husband. Queen Maria Christina Désirée Henrietta Félicité Renier, born in July, 1858, is daughter of the late Archduke Ferdinand of Austria and Archduchess Elizabeth. In November, 1879, she became the second wife of the late King of Spain, Alphonso XII., whose first wife, Maria de las Mercedes, daughter of the Duc de Montpensier, had died in June, 1878, leaving no children. The two daughters of the present Queen are the Infanta Maria de las Mercedes, Princess of the Asturias, born Sept. 11, 1880, and the Infanta Maria Theresa, born Nov. 12, 1882. King Alphonso XII. died Nov. 25, 1885; and his son, the present King Alphonso XIII., was born nearly five months afterwards, May 17, 1886. His sister, Maria de las Mercedes, then ceased to be Queen of Spain, according to the law which gives preference to male heirs. The late King Alphonso XII. was the son of Queen Isabella II., who succeeded her father, King Ferdinand VII.,

in 1833, and whose right to the throne was disputed by the Carlists in a civil war; she reigned, notwithstanding, until the revolution of 1868; after which the throne was some time vacant, and was accepted in December, 1870, by the Italian Prince Amadeo, Duke of Aosta, who was deposed in February, 1873. Alphonso XII. was proclaimed King of Spain in December, 1874, his mother having abdicated in his favour. His widow, Queen Christina, has already won the hearts of many of her son's subjects. She has begun to obtain the first-fruits of the policy she sketched out for herself one day, when she said to a Captain-General of Madrid, pointing to the cradle where the infant monarch, only a few months old, was sleeping peacefully: "My devotion to the interests of my child and my own virtue will be my shield and my guarantee of success in this my adopted country, in the sixteen long years that separate me from my boy's majority."

In the presence of a large number of leading citizens, the Mayor of Liverpool formally opened an exhibition of decorative and applied art in the Walker Art Gallery in that city

on March 30, when Sir James A. Picton read a short address on "Industrial Decorative Art." The varied collection which now occupies the exhibition-rooms is very interesting. In what is known as the Grosvenor Room are objects which are most likely to appeal to the artistic eye, the walls being graced with some rather remarkable cartoons for stained-glass windows and mural decoration. Here are Mr. E. Byrne-Jones's cartoons—"The Day of Judgment," "Paradise," and "The Woman of Samaria"; Mr. Henry Holliday's design for the memorial window to Lord F. Cavendish, placed by the Commons in St. Margaret's, Westminster; Mr. Walter Crane's sketches for a painted frieze of Longfellow's "Skeleton in Armour," and Messrs. W. Morris and George Porter are also represented. Art furniture, ceramic art, wall-paper, "Japanese leather," art in gold and silver, wood-carving, book-binding, decorative bird-stuffing, and other matters make the display worth seeing.

The rifles of the Hon. Artillery Company have been returned to the Company, consequent upon the appointment of the new commanding officer and adjutant. Arrangements are in progress for the early return of the field-guns.



## MAGAZINES FOR APRIL.

*Nineteenth Century*.—The satirical acrimony of the tone of Professor Huxley's controversy with the Rev. Dr. Wace and the Bishop of Peterborough, concerning the authority of the New Testament writings, is rather unpleasant. The Earl of Meath, an Alderman of the new London County Council, defines the proper work for that important body. The seal-fisheries of Newfoundland are described by Lady Blake, whose husband was Governor of the Colony. Lord Powerscourt offers his counsels for the benefit of Ireland, and Sir William Gregory narrates his personal reminiscences of Daniel O'Connell. Mr. T. Scrutton, President of the Chamber of Shipping, disputes the accuracy of Mr. Plimsoll's statistical estimate of the loss of property by preventible disasters to our mercantile marine. The evils of gambling and other immorality at Monte Carlo are exposed by the Rev. Henry Sidebotham. Mr. Walter Frewen Lord reviews the acts of former British administration in the Ionian Islands; the curative treatment of lunatics, "as patients, not as prisoners," is discussed by Dr. J. B. Tuke; and the Marquis of Lorne suggests a plan for the settlement of emigrants in Canada.

*Contemporary Review*.—A French writer, M. G. Monod, and an English one, Mr. P. G. Hamerton, examine the prospects of Republican Government in France, which both regard as precarious, from the weakness of the Executive and the irreconcilable hatred between Parliamentary factions. Professor A. V. Dicey explains the precise rules of English law on all points concerning the rights of persons attending a meeting, not unlawful in its object or procedure, held in an open public place. He shows that they may not, in any case, use weapons likely to kill, maim, or do grievous bodily hurt against other people who obstruct or interfere with the meeting; certainly not against policemen, whatever be the illegality of the order to prevent or disperse the meeting. Their remedy is to be sought by individuals in the meeting, who have been assaulted, prosecuting the policemen in a court of law. The Rev. Horace Waller again directs attention to the East African slave-trade, and to the difficulty of suppressing it by naval or diplomatic action at Zanzibar. He describes the condition of slaves in the clove-plantations of Pemba, a neighbouring island, and charges the Indian mercantile residents in Zanzibar, who are British subjects, with supporting the atrocious system. He commends a scheme proposed by Captain F. D. Lugard, for putting down the raids of slavers in the interior of Africa, by the aid of armed steam-boats on Lake Nyassa and Lake Tanganyika. Dr. E. A. Freeman, the historian, entering the domain of theological argument, contends that the credibility of the orthodox Christian notion of the "scheme of salvation" is not impaired by modern knowledge of the smallness of our earth, and of its position as one planet among others, belonging to one among myriads of other systems in the stellar universe. The Rev. Dr. Dale's "Impressions of Australia" conclude with an estimate of the state of religion and morals in our southern colonies. There is no end to plausible conjectures about Shakspeare. Here is Dean Plumptre showing it to be quite possible that Shakspeare once visited Bath, Bristol, Glastonbury, and Wells, and that he may also have been at Cardiff. We can only be sure that he did not travel by the Great Western Railway. "The Ethics of the Turf," by Mr. James Runciman, presents a hideous picture of social corruption. Professor Stuart's article on the Metropolitan Police, which he would put under the management of the London Council, does not carry much weight, and it is waste of time to discuss such a proposal.

*National Review*.—"Look seaward, Sentinel!" a fine poem with lyric strophes and choruses, by Mr. Alfred Austin, should be worth some votes in support of the proposed increase of the British Navy. We thank Madame Blaze de Bury for recommending several French novels, especially those of M. Anatole France, "Th. Bentzon" (Madame Blanc) and "La Neuvaïne de Colette," as pure and noble in moral sentiment, while powerfully interesting works of fiction. The physiological speculations of "A. Smith" on the "brain-power of plants," seem to us rather mystical than scientific. Mr. Herbert Haines, discussing the problem of international law with reference to attacking undefended coast-towns, leaves a painful doubt whether an enemy would abstain from inflicting such mischief on our shores. Mr. G. Leslie Smith severely condemns the pretensions and attitude of the Indian Native Congress. "Macbeth, considered as a Celt," and "The Sonnet in America," are topics of some literary interest. A biographical memoir of Grimm, the industrious French-German miscellaneous writer of the last century; an essay, by Mr. C. A. Cripps, on the competitive system in trades and manufactures; and Mr. H. Seton Karr's account of the hunting of the wapiti deer, called the North American elk, are the remaining contributions.

*Universal Review*.—The salt-tax for Indian revenue, treated by Colonel Grimley, is an important subject; but to place it as the foremost article in a magazine of this character does not seem good editorial policy. Mr. H. D. Traill's flight of humorous imagination, "A Day with Primeval Man," cleverly illustrated by the drawings of Mr. C. H. Shannon, is far more attractive. Mr. Bradlaugh, M.P., relates some curious anecdotes of the House of Commons in times preceding the reign of Charles I. The tale called "An Unfinished History," by Mrs. Lynn Linton, is continued, but, of course, not finished. Mr. Robert Buchanan censures several of his literary contemporaries, whom he mentions by name, but whom he is pleased to range together as "the Modern Young Man." Mr. Archibald Forbes exposes the red-tapery of the War Office in the matter of his well-earned claim to a Zulu war medal for carrying despatches after the battle of Ulundi. A spirited translation of a Russian ballad by Mr. W. R. S. Ralston, two short poems by Mr. C. W. Boyd, and an article on Zanzibar by Mr. J. E. C. Bodley, are contained in this miscellany, which was published, as usual, in the middle of last month.

*Blackwood's Magazine*.—The most important article here is Colonel Mark S. Bell's description of the Karun River, near the mouth of the Euphrates, in the Persian Gulf, recently opened to free navigation, and of the provinces and towns in Persia to which access is obtained by this route, evidently one of great commercial and political value. "A Burmese Boat-Journey" on the river Sittang; the romance of a Naiad, called "Airy Nothing"; several chapters of "Lady Baby," and reviews of new books, with verses and translations, fill the remaining pages.

*Murray's Magazine*.—Three novels, "Derrick Vaughan," by Edna Lyall; "The Comedy of a Country House," by Julian Sturgis; and "The Reproach of Annesley," by Maxwell Gray, supply enough fiction, and of fairly good quality. Among the other articles, Mrs. Knight Bruce, of Bloemfontein, gives an interesting account of Khamé, the chief of the Bamangwato, at Shoshong, in the northern part of the Bechuana country. He appears to be a native African Prince of high character and intelligence, a Christian gentleman, an enlightened ruler, and worthy of esteem and sympathy, as, indeed, we had often heard from his English visitors.

*Macmillan's Magazine*.—As an example of the literary art of elaborate depreciation and detraction, Mr. Saintsbury's

critical essay on Leigh Hunt is a very thorough performance. "Marooned" is continued by Mr. Clark Russell, the unsurpassed master of marine romance. Mr. H. Arthur Kennedy's dream of witnessing a representation of the "Philoctetes" of Sophocles in ancient Athens has its charm for the lovers of the Greek drama. A memoir of the late Kemal Bey, Governor of Lesbos and Chios, illustrates the conflict of democratic opinions with Turkish official traditions. Those who love their dogs not wisely but too fondly may resent the arguments of a writer denying the imagined mental and moral superiority of that animal to other domestic pets. Mr. T. Hodgkin's memoir of a precocious Roman little boy, in the reign of Domitian, who was killed by premature and excessive literary study, is a warning against "overpressure" in modern times.

*Longman's Magazine*.—Mr. Walter Besant's story, "The Bell of St. Paul's," as the discerning reader must have foreseen in its beginning, is not confined to the idyllic life of innocent, though eccentric, characters residing in seclusion at Bankside. Oliver Luttrell, the highly-educated scientific physician, whom we know to be the child of a race of low rogues and vagabonds, develops the hereditary moral taint, and finds his way into the worst of bad company, with a brother and sister and a horrible old grandmother steeped in vice and crime. Mrs. Oliphant's "Lady Car" is proceeding; and a short tale called "Little Sister," by Mrs. Musgrave, has much pathetic interest.

*Cornhill Magazine*.—Further chapters of "The County"; a story of Kentish rustic life called "Moth-Mullein," by the author of "Mehalah," and one called "Two Days in his Life," are given this month, with an article on birds of prey, and an account of Napoleon's residence in Elba.

*Temple Bar*.—In the way of story-telling, there are chapters of "Arminell," "A Chronicle of Two Months," and "Paul's Sister," with the short tale of "Sophy," which is tragical. Some very painful details of the insanity of the late Austrian Crown Prince Rudolph, and of the circumstances of his suicide, might have been spared. The anecdotes of Lord Beaconsfield are trivial and disparaging; some of the statements respecting him are not correct: he never was, for instance, at a private school at Winchester.

*Time*.—Yet another paper of reminiscences of the late Laurence Oliphant! The treatise on Mithraism, by Mr. J. M. Robertson, is a learned and judicious account of that widespread ancient religion, which embodied great ideas of spiritual truth, and which rivalled Christianity in its prevalence under the Roman Empire until the fourth century. There is a description of the "Lost Property Office" of the Metropolitan Police; and one of the Mont de Piété, the great pawning establishment in Paris for the assistance of the poor. Mr. F. C. Philips continues "Young Mr. Ainslie's Courtship."

*English Illustrated Magazine*.—Mr. Algernon Swinburne, who is of Northumbrian family, writes some verses in the Scottish dialect, the lament of a Jacobite exile. The opposite shores of the Channel at Dover and Calais, Folkestone and Boulogne, Newhaven and Dieppe, are illustrated by Mr. G. L. Seymour's drawings, with notes by Mr. W. Syme. "The Better Man," by Mr. Arthur Paterson, is located in New Mexico. Mr. J. E. Hodgson, R.A., writes thoughtfully of his suburban garden, and draws some bits of it. Mr. Hugh Thomson furnishes humorous illustrations of the old ballad, "A-hunting we will go." Mr. Archibald Forbes tells a story of soldier life. "Sant' Ilario," by Mr. F. Marion Crawford, is continued.

*Woman's World*.—Mrs. Crawford, of Paris, relates several historical examples of modest women, Joan of Arc the most illustrious, wearing men's clothes; the latest is Madame Dieulafoy, travelling with her husband in Persia. Sedan-chairs, which many of us can remember in use, the feminine fashions in dress, the need for lady poor-law guardians, the reasons (in Miss Lucy Garnett's opinion) against woman suffrage, the attractions of Florida, scent and scent-bottles, the employment of women in type-writing and shorthand-writing, and gymnastics for girls, are discussed by several writers, and there are many good engravings.

The American magazines, *Harper's Monthly*, *The Century*, *Scribner's*, *Lippincott's*, and the *Atlantic Monthly*, are welcome on this side of the ocean. *Good Woods* and the *Leisure Hour* contain much pleasant and useful reading. The *Illustrated Naval and Military Magazine*, *Colburn's United Service Magazine*, *The Gentleman's Magazine*, *Belgravia*, *The Season*, *The Theatre*, *The Argosy*, *Cassell's Magazine*, *Forbes's Sporting Notes and Sketches*, *Myra's Journal of Dress and Fashion*, *Atalanta*, and the *Ladies' Treasury*, maintain their respective places in favour. Messrs. Cassell and Co. have commenced a new monthly serial, *Conquests of the Cross*, narrating the history of missionary enterprises all over the heathen world.

A recent orchestral concert of the students of the Royal College of Music gave fresh evidence of the progress made by the pupils.

The young lady who lately appeared in England under the name of Nikita, and who achieved much success as a concert vocalist, has appeared in Italian opera at Moscow, where, it is said, she has been enthusiastically received.

Those clever juvenile instrumentalists, Miss Ethel and Master Harold Bauer's recent musical afternoon at Prince's Hall, included their performance of several works by Herr Grieg, besides others by Bach, Brahms, &c. Of the talent of Miss and Master Bauer respectively as pianist and violinist we have before spoken in commendation, and these were again successfully displayed.

The Governors of the Queen Anne's Bounty Corporation have held a meeting for the consideration of applications for grants to meet private benefactions offered on behalf of benefices in England and Wales with net incomes not exceeding £200 per annum. The grants applied for are far in excess of the sum at the Governors' disposal, and they have selected eighty-nine benefices for a grant of £200 each, while in two cases only are they able to give a second grant of £200. The total amount thus voted is £18,200, and the value of the benefactions to be attracted thereby is estimated at £35,000.

The Association of Chambers of Commerce held their annual meeting at the Hôtel Métropole on March 26, under the presidency of Mr. E. S. Hill, who congratulated the delegates upon the improvement in trade. Among the resolutions adopted was one condemning the system of "gigantic monopolies which threatened to disorganise some of the most important branches of our trade for the sole benefit of speculators," and appointing a special committee to consider the question of legislation on the subject.—The meetings were resumed next day. A long resolution was carried, declaring that the time has arrived for large and comprehensive measures to make secondary education throughout the United Kingdom more efficient and systematic, and urging that a responsible Minister of Education should be appointed. The annual banquet, which was attended by a large number of distinguished guests, was held at night at the Hôtel Métropole, Colonel E. S. Hill, C.B., M.P., presiding.

## MUSIC.

The second concert of the Philharmonic Society's new season occurred, as already mentioned, on March 28—too late for comment until now. The occasion derived especial interest from the appearance of Mr. Cowen, the appointed conductor, whose absence as director of the music at the Australian Exhibition was prolonged somewhat beyond his original intention, thus preventing him from directing the first Philharmonic Concert, his place at which was supplied by Dr. Mackenzie. Mr. Cowen on his reappearance in St. James's Hall, on March 28, was welcomed with a warmth which proved in what high esteem he is held. The concert included the first performance in London of Dr. Villiers Stanford's new Suite for violin with orchestra. The work had previously been given, with success, at Berlin. It consists of several movements, entitled, respectively, overture, alle-mande, ballade, tambourin, and a finale in gigue style. The antique and the modern schools are blended with some skill, although with occasional signs of laboured effort. The lively last movement appeared to be the most effective portion of the work. The suite, which had the advantage of Herr Joachim's fine performance of the violin solo portion, was conducted by the composer. A special feature at the concert was the truly admirable performance of Grieg's pianoforte concerto in A minor by Madame Backer-Gröndahl. The lady—who made her first appearance in England—is a native of Norway, and consequently a countrywoman of the composer whose concerto was performed by her. She has achieved great eminence abroad as a pianist, a composer for her instrument, and a teacher thereof; and her performance on the occasion now referred to justified the reputation which had preceded her as a brilliant and intellectual executant. The concerto was conducted by the composer. Other details of the concert require no mention, beyond stating that vocal pieces were contributed by Mlle. Trebelli.

The Saturday afternoon Popular Concert of March 30 included the last appearance this season of Herr Grieg, who played his charming "Lyric Pieces," Op. 43, for piano solo; and, in association with Madame Néruda, his Sonata, with violin, Op. 45. Madame Grieg (who also appeared for the last time this season) sang some of her husband's characteristic lieder. At the evening concert of the following Monday Madame Néruda was announced to appear for the last time this season. Bach's Concerto for two violins was a prominent feature, assigned to the lady violinist and Herr Joachim.

The previous necessarily brief record of Mr. Isidore De Lara's extra vocal recital at Steinway Hall must be here supplemented by mention of a special feature of the programme—the appearance, as a vocalist, of Mrs. Bernard-Beere, the celebrated actress, who sang, with emphatic declamation and great vocal power, "The Minstrel Boy" and "The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington." Some overearnestness of style may doubtless be attributed to the anxiety of the actress in her novel position as a vocalist, for which career the lady has evident natural qualifications which will be more fully manifested with the advantage of further technical study. Other effective vocal performances were given, including Mr. De Lara's rendering of his own popular compositions.

The Royal Choral Society has nearly completed its series of performances, only one more concert remaining in completion thereof. For the ninth performance, M. Benoît's "Lucifer" was announced, having been postponed from Jan. 16, when Berlioz's "Faust" music was given instead. "Lucifer" is the production of a Belgian composer who is held in high esteem abroad, and the work was given for the first time in England on the occasion now referred to. Of the merits of the composition we must speak hereafter.

The Highbury Philharmonic Society recently gave the fourth concert of its eleventh season. The programme, besides Mr. Clay's cantata, "Lalla Rookh," included three movements from an orchestral Suite composed by Signor Mancinelli, and entitled "Cleopatra."

Herr Stavenhagen's recent pianoforte recital at Prince's Hall could but be barely mentioned until now. This remarkable young pianist has greatly developed in style since his first appearances in this country. His wondrous command of the most elaborate technical difficulties was again demonstrated on the occasion now referred to, especially in his execution of Liszt's sonata in B minor; while his subordination of exceptional power was notably exemplified in his exquisitely delicate rendering of Schumann's series of graceful pieces entitled "Papillons." In his performance of Beethoven's sonata in A flat, Op. 110, Herr Stavenhagen proved that he is a master of the classical as well as the brilliant style.

Mrs. Charles Yates (Mrs. Dutton Cook) recently gave an interesting pianoforte recital at the Guildhall School of Music, her programme having comprised Sterndale Bennett's characteristic sonata, entitled "The Maid of Orleans," besides pieces of various styles and schools. The lady displayed those high qualities of taste and execution which have gained her a distinguished position among English pianists.

The eighteenth of the present series of Saturday Afternoon Concerts at the Crystal Palace took place on March 30, when Herr Joachim played his Hungarian concerto and smaller solo pieces. Of the first-named work—in which national characteristics are so distinctly realised—we have more than once before spoken. The many elaborate difficulties of the solo portion were again finely rendered by the composer of the work; a scena by whom was effectively sung by Miss Little.

That accomplished vocalist, Mr. Max Heinrich, gave the first of three song-recitals at Steinway Hall on April 2, with an attractive programme.

Of Mr. Harvey Löhr's eighth annual concert, at Prince's Hall on April 4, we must speak hereafter. The occasion derived importance from the production of a new pianoforte quartet, composed by the concert-giver, to whom the principal part was assigned in the programme.

It is stated that arrangements have been made for the production of Verdi's latest dramatic work, "Otello," at the Lyceum Theatre, after the close of Mr. Irving's season, in July. Some members of the company of La Scala, at Milan (where the opera was originally produced in 1887), are to be brought over. Great interest will be felt in this production of Verdi's new Shakspearian work, a feature in which is the authorship of the Italian libretto by Signor Boito, the poet-composer of "Mefistofele." It is also reported that negotiations are in progress for Mr. J. H. Mapleson's occupancy of Her Majesty's Theatre for a season of Italian opera.

The "Wind Instrument Chamber Music Society" announced its second of a series of three concerts, at the Royal Academy of Music, on April 5. There is a special interest about these performances—sustained as they are by first-rate executants—which should ensure their success.

A stringed orchestra, consisting of a numerous band of pupils of the Guildhall School of Music, recently gave a concert, at which the excellent training of instrumentalists, under the skilled direction of Mr. Weist Hill, was manifested in the performance of various pieces, among them having been a graceful gavotte of Mr. Hill's composition.



## CHIN-KIANG, IN CHINA.

The city of Chin-Kiang, the scene of the ferocious attack by a Chinese mob on the British and American Consulates, is one of the secondary "treaty ports" which have been opened to European trade. It is situated on the Yang-tze-Kiang, a hundred and fifty miles from the sea, where that great river, after flowing in a general direction east by north, forms an estuary turning southwards to the coast. Here the Grand Canal of China has one of its entrances from the river; the town, enclosed by walls four miles in circuit, stands in the angle between the river and the canal, with hills rising close behind it. Two miles away, in the river, is Silver Island, elevated about 400 ft., covered with rich foliage, and adorned with several Buddhist temples. Chin-Kiang has seen much warfare; in July, 1842, it was captured by the British forces under Sir Hugh Gough, after a fierce resistance; and it was held by the Tai-ping rebels during four years, from April, 1853, to 1857, when many buildings were destroyed. As it commands the navigation of the Yang-tze-Kiang and of the Grand Canal, with a great commerce and the tribute of grain from the southern provinces, it is a place of much importance. In 1861 it was made a treaty port, and a British mercantile settlement was formed on a piece of land extending a quarter of a mile along the bank of the river above the mouth of the Grand Canal, bounded by a steep hill to the west, called Yin-Shan. The British and other Consulates, with the Maritime Customs' Offices, for foreign trade, and the foreign merchants' settlement, have since been removed to the other side of the river. The extremely rapid current of the river along its bank renders it inconvenient for ships to lie close to the wharves; but steamers are accustomed to stop at Chin-Kiang in going up to Nanking, which is forty-four miles distant, or to the remote inland port of Hankow.



A CHINESE SOLDIER, CHIN-KIANG.

The riot of Feb. 4 seems to have originated in disputes between the Chinese of Chin-Kiang and the Sikh police employed by the Municipal Council of the foreign settlement; but some Chinese soldiers are accused of having instigated the populace to acts of outrage and violence. The mob first attacked the police-station, then broke the windows of the houses of some members of the Municipal Council, plundered warehouses and private dwellings, and went on to set fire to the British Consulate, which was entirely destroyed. The Consul, Mr. Mansfield, with his wife and two young children, had just time to escape. The American Consul, with his family, and all the English and foreign merchants, were driven from their homes, and got on board a vessel in the river. The



A MOHAMMEDAN AT CHIN-KIANG.

Chinese officials seemed powerless; the magistrate's palanquin was smashed to atoms, and he himself was roughly handled. Telegrams were sent to Shanghai for aid, and on the second day her Majesty's ship *Mutine* sailed for Chin-Kiang. By the time she arrived, the local authorities had poured a large body of troops into the settlement, where there was nothing to be done but to keep watch over the ruins of a flourishing commercial station. By noon on the 7th all was quiet. Chin-Kiang is the centre of the famine districts of Southern Kiangsu, and Mr. Mansfield, the British Consul, was most active in collecting funds and distributing relief. A large number of the distressed people were collected in the town, but this had nothing to do with the riot, which arose from a quarrel between a Sikh and a Chinaman employed as interpreter at the American Consulate. Both went to the police station, where the Chinaman complained that he had been ill-treated. On examination by the doctor and inspector this statement proved unfounded. Meanwhile a crowd collected round the station, and on leaving it the Chinaman pretended to be exceedingly ill, and fell down as if dead. The mob raised the cry that the policeman had killed him, and instantly attacked the station.

A drawing-room meeting was held on Saturday, March 23, under the presidency of the Rev. Llewellyn Davies, at the house of Miss Jackson, Seymour-street, Portman-square, when a handsome set of silver antique cups was presented to Mrs. Westlake, on behalf of school managers, teachers, and other friends in the Marylebone Division, in token of their appreciation of her services for twelve years on the London School Board as one of the members for the Marylebone Division.

## THE INDIAN BUDGET.

The annual financial statement for 1889-90 was made in the Viceroy's Council on March 27 by Sir David Barbour. A summary of its principal features sets forth that the accounts for 1887-8 have closed with a deficit of Rx.2,028,000, this sum including an expenditure of Rx.456,000 on account of special defence works. The revised Estimates for 1888-9 show a deficit of Rx.202,000, including as expenditure Rx.818,000 on account of special defence works, and a surplus of Rx.616,000 if the cost of these works be excluded. The Budget Estimates for 1889-90 show a surplus of Rx.106,000, after providing Rx.1,103,000 for special defence works. Excluding the cost of these works, the surplus is Rx.1,209,000. Sir David Barbour, alluding to the position of silver, says: "The present condition is not one of permanent equilibrium. Either there will be continuous progress in the direction of demonetising silver and substituting gold, or the world will revert to the old system of double legal tender." Sir David holds that the action of the United States and the Continental nations of Europe may bring on a crisis at any moment, and declares that no solution of the currency question is possible without international agreement.

Sir Evelyn Wood, the new General in command at Aldershot, opened the manoeuvre season on March 25. The great feature of the manoeuvres was the presence in the ranks of one of the opposing forces of fourteen Public School Corps. Sir Evelyn Wood held a review in the Long Valley of all the Cavalry and Horse Artillery of the Division, these parading under Sir Drury Lowe, about 1300 strong, with ten guns, the Cavalry consisting of the Royal Dragoons, the 16th Lancers, and the 18th Hussars.

An exhibition and bazaar of industrial and fine arts, contributed by officers, warrant officers, non-commissioned officers and men (and their wives and families), of the Army, Reserve, and Auxiliary forces of the British Empire, including the gentlemen cadets at Woolwich and Sandhurst, will be held in London in 1890, in aid of the establishment and maintenance of Church of England Soldiers' Institutes. These institutes are club-houses provided by members of the national Church for the free use of all soldiers wearing her Majesty's



SILVER ISLAND, CHIN-KIANG.

uniform, and are absolutely unsectarian and distinctly non-proselytising. Those which have been established at Aldershot and Colchester show how much an institute conducted on the above-mentioned principles is appreciated and made use of by soldiers of all denominations.



CHIN-KIANG, CHINA, THE SCENE OF THE ATTACK ON THE BRITISH CONSULATE.



# CLEOPATRA:

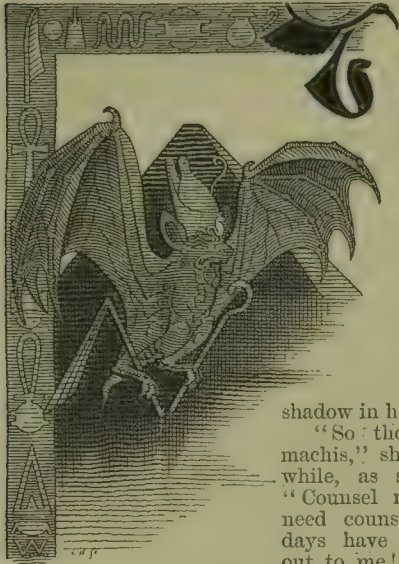
BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE FALL AND VENGEANCE OF HARMACHIS, THE ROYAL EGYPTIAN, AS SET FORTH BY HIS OWN HAND,

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

## CHAPTER XVII.

OF THE TROUBLE OF CLEOPATRA; OF HER OATH TO HARMACHIS; AND OF THE TELLING BY HARMACHIS TO CLEOPATRA OF THE SECRET OF THE TREASURE THAT LAY BENEATH THE MASS OF "HER."



THAT same night Cleopatra summoned me to her private chamber. I went, and found her much troubled in mind; never before had I seen her so deeply moved. She was alone; and, like some trapped lioness, walking to and fro across the marble floor, while thought chased thought across her mind, each as clouds scudding o'er the sea, for a moment casting its shadow in her deep eyes.

"So thou art come, Harmachis," she said, resting for a while, as she took my hand. "Counsel me, for never did I need counsel more. Oh, what days have the Gods measured out to me! days restless as the

ocean! No peace have I known from childhood up, and it seems none shall I ever know. Scarce by a very little have I escaped thy dagger's point, Harmachis, when this new trouble, that, like a storm, has gathered beneath the horizon's rim, bursts sudden o'er me. Didst mark that tigrish fop? Well should I love to trap him! How soft he spoke! Aye, like a cat he purred, and all the time he stretched his claws. Didst mark the letter, too? it has an ugly look. I know this Antony. When I was but a child, budding into womanhood, I saw him; but my eyes were ever quick, and I took his measure. Half Hercules and half a fool, with a dash of genius veining his folly through. Easily led by those who enter at the gates of his voluptuous sense; but if crossed, an iron foe. True to his friends, if, indeed, he loves them; and oftentimes false to his own interest. Generous, hardy, and in adversity a man of virtue; in prosperity, a sot and a slave to women. How deal with such a man, whom Fate and Opportunity have, despite himself, set on the crest of Fortune's wave? One day 'twill o'erwhelm him; but till that day he sweeps across the world and laughs at those who drown."

"Antony is but a man," I answered, "and a man with many foes; and, being but a man, he can be o'erthrown."

"Aye, he can be o'erthrown; but he is one of three, Harmachis. Now that Cassius hath gone where all fools go, Rome hath thrown out a hydra head. Crush one, and another hisses in thy face. There's Lepidus, and, with him, that young Octavianus, whose cold eyes may yet with a smile of triumph look on the murdered forms of empty, worthless Lepidus, of Antony, and of Cleopatra. If I go not to Cilicia, mark thou! Antony will knit up a peace with these Parthians, and, taking the tales they tell of me for truth—and, indeed, there is truth in them—will fall with all his force on Egypt. And how then?"

"How then? Why, then we'll drum him back to Rome."

"Ah! thou sayest so, and perchance, Harmachis, had I not won that game we played together some twelve days gone, thou, being Pharaoh, mightest well have done this thing, for round thy throne old Egypt would have gathered. But Egypt loves not me, nor my Greek blood; and but now have I scattered that great plot of thine, wherein half the land was meshed. Will these men, then, arise to succour me? Were Egypt true to me, I could, indeed, hold my own against all the force that Rome may bring; but Egypt hates me, and had as lief be ruled by the Roman as the Greek. Still might I make defence had I the gold, for with money soldiers can be bought, wherewith to feed the maw of mercenary battle. But I have none; my treasures are dry, and though there is wealth in the land, yet do debts perplex me. These wars have brought me ruin, and I know not how to find a talent. Perchance, Harmachis, thou who art, by hereditary right, Priest of the Pyramids," and she drew near and looked me in the eyes, "perchance, if long descended rumour does not lie, thou canst tell me where I can touch the gold to save thy land from ruin, and myself from the grasp of Antony? Say, is it so?"

I thought a while, and then I answered:

"And if such a tale were true, and if I could show thee treasure stored by the mighty Pharaohs of the most far off age against the needs of Khem, how can I know that thou wouldst indeed make use of that wealth to those good ends?"

"Is there, then, a treasure?" she asked curiously. "Nay, fret me not, Harmachis; for of a truth the very name of gold at this time of want is like the sight of water in the desert."

"I believe," I said, "that there is such a treasure, though I myself have never seen it. But this I know, that if it still lie in the place where it was set, 'tis because so heavy a curse shall rest upon him who wickedly and for selfish ends shall lay hands thereon, that none of those Pharaohs to whom it hath been shewn have dared to touch it, however sore their need."

"So," she said, "they were cowardly aforetime, or else was their need not great. Wilt thou show me this treasure, then, Harmachis?"

"Perchance," I answered, "I will show it to thee, if it still be there, when thou hast sworn that thou wilt use it to defend Egypt from this Roman Antony and for the welfare of her people."

"I swear it!" she said earnestly. "Oh, I swear by every God in Khem that if thou showest me this great treasure, I will defy Antony and send Dellius back to Cilicia with words more sharp than those he brought. Aye, I'll do more, Harmachis: so soon as may be, I will take thee to husband before all the world, and thou thyself shalt carry out thy plans and beat the Roman eagles off."

Thus she spoke, gazing at me with truthful, earnest eyes. I believed her, and for the first time since my fall was for a moment happy, thinking that all was not lost to me, and that with Cleopatra, whom I loved thus madly, I might yet win my place and power back.

"Swear it, Cleopatra!" I said.

"I swear, beloved! and thus I seal my oath!" and she kissed me on the forehead. And I, too, kissed her; and we talked of what we would do when we were wed, and how we should overcome the Roman.

And thus was I again beguiled; though, verily I believe that, had it not been for the jealous anger of Charmion—which, as shall be seen, was ever urging her forward to fresh deeds of shame—Cleopatra would have wedded me and broken with the Roman. And, indeed, in the issue, it had been better for her and Egypt.

Far into the night we sat, and I revealed to her somewhat of that ancient secret of the mighty treasure hid beneath the mass of "Her." Thither, it was agreed, should we go on the morrow, and the second night from now attempt its search. So, early on the next day, a boat was secretly made ready, and therein did Cleopatra enter, veiled as an Egyptian lady about to make a pilgrimage to the Temple of Horemku. And I also, cloaked as a pilgrim, entered with her, and with us ten of her most trusted servants hidden as sailors. But Charmion entered not with us. We sailed with a fair wind from the Canopic mouth of the Nile; and that night, pushing on with the moon, we reached Sais at midnight, and here rested for a while. At dawn we once more loosed our craft, and all that day sailed swiftly, till, at last, at the third hour from the sunset, we came in sight of the lights of the fortress which is called Babylon. Here, on the opposite bank of the river, we moored our ship safely in a bed of reeds.

Then, on foot and secretly, we set forth for the Pyramids, which were at a distance of nigh upon fifty stadia (about six miles), Cleopatra, I, and one trusted eunuch, for the other servants we left with the boat. Only for Cleopatra I caught an ass that was wandering in a tiled field, and threw a cloak upon it. Thereon she sat, and I led the ass by paths I knew, the eunuch following after us. And, within little more than an hour, having gained the great causeway, we saw the mighty pyramids towering up through the moonlit air and aweing us to silence. On we passed, in utter silence, through the haunted city of the dead, for all around us stood the solemn tombs, till at length we climbed the rocky hill, and stood in the deep shadow of Khufu Khut (the splendid Throne of Khufu).

"Of a truth," whispered Cleopatra, as she gazed up the dazzling marble slope above her, everywhere blazoned o'er with a million mystic characters—"of a truth, there were Gods ruling in Khem in those days, and not men. This place is sad as Death—aye, and as mighty and as far from man. Is it here that we must enter?"

"Nay," I answered, "it is not here. Pass on."

I led the way through a thousand ancient tombs, till we stood in the shadow of Ur (the Great), and gazed at his red, heaven-piercing mass.

"Is it here that we must enter?" she whispered once again.

"Nay," I answered, "it is not here. Pass on."

And we passed on through many more tombs, till we stood in the shadow of Her,\* and Cleopatra gazed astonished at its polished beauty, which for thousands of years had, night by night, mirrored back the moon, and at the black girdle of Ethiopian stone that circled its base about. For of all pyramids this is the most beautiful.

"Is it here that we must enter?" she said.

I answered, "Yea, it is here."

And we passed round between the temple of the worship of his divine Majesty, Menka-ra, the Osirian, and the base of the pyramid till we came to the north side. Here in the centre is graven the name of Pharaoh Menka-ra, who built the pyramid to be his tomb, and stored therein his treasure against the need of Khem.

"If the treasure still remains," I said to Cleopatra, "as in the days of my great-great-grandfather, who was priest of this pyramid before me, it remained, 'tis hid deep in the womb of the mass before thee, Cleopatra; nor can it be come by without toil and danger, and terror of the mind. Art thou prepared to enter—for thou thyself must enter and must judge?"

"Canst not thou go in with the eunuch, Harmachis, and bring the treasure forth?" she said, for a little her courage began to fail her.

"Nay, O Cleopatra," I answered, "not even for thee and for the weal of Egypt can I do this thing, for of all sins it would be the greatest sin. But this it is lawful for me to do. I, as hereditary holder of the secret, may, upon demand, shew to the ruling monarch of Khem the place where the treasure lies, and show also the warning that is written. And if on seeing and reading, the Pharaoh do deem that the need of Khem is so sore and strait that it is lawful for him to brave the curse of the dead and draw the treasure forth, it is well, for on his head must rest the weight of this dread deed. Three monarchs, so say the records that I have read, have thus dared to enter in the time of need. They were the divine Queen Ha-ta-su, that wonder known to the Gods alone; her divine brother Men-Kheper-ra (Thotmes the Great); and the divine Mi-amen (Rameses II.). But of these three Majesties, not one when they saw dared to touch; for, though sore their need, it was not great enough to consecrate the act. So, fearing lest the curse should fall upon them, they went hence sorrowing."

A little she thought, till at last her spirit overcame her fear.

"At the least I will see with mine own eyes," she said.

"It is well," I answered. Then, stones having been piled up on a certain spot at the base of the pyramid, to somewhat more than the height of a man by me and the eunuch who was with us, I climbed on them and searched for the secret mark, no larger than a leaf. And with some trouble, for the weather and the rubbing of the sand had worn even the Ethiopian stone, I found it. Having found it, I, in a certain fashion, pressed thereon with all my strength. Even after the lapse of years unnumbered the stone swung round, showing a little opening, through which a man might scarcely creep. As it swung, a mighty bat, such as I had never seen before for bigness, for his measure was the measure of a hawk, flew forth and for a moment hovered over Cleopatra, and then in circles sailed slowly up and up till at the last he was lost in the bright light of the moon.

But Cleopatra uttered a cry of terror, and the eunuch, who was watching, fell down in fear, believing it to be the guardian spirit of the pyramid. And I, too, feared, though naught I said. For even now I do believe that it was the spirit of Menka-ra, the Osirian, who, taking on himself the form of a bat, flew forth from his holy House in warning.

A while I waited, till the foul air should clear from the passage. Then I drew forth the lamps and kindled them, and passed them, to the number of three, into the entrance of the passage. This done, I went to the trusty eunuch, and, taking him aside, I swore him by the living spirit of Him who sleeps at Abouthis, that those things which he was about to see he should not reveal.

This he swore, trembling sorely, for he was very much afraid. Nor, indeed, did he reveal them.

This being done, I clambered through the opening, taking with me a coil of rope, which I wound around my middle, and beckoned to Cleopatra to come. Making fast the skirt of her robe, she came, and I drew her through the

opening, so that at length she stood behind me in the passage which is lined with slabs of granite. After her came the eunuch, and he also stood in the passage. And then, having taken counsel of the plan of the passage that I had brought with me, and which, in signs that none but the initiated can read, was copied from those ancient writings that had come down to me through one-and-forty generations of my predecessors, the priests of this Pyramid of Her, and of the worship of the temple of the Divine Menka-ra, the Osirian, I led the way through that darksome place towards the utter silence of the tomb. Guided by the feeble light of our lamps, we passed down the steep incline, gasping in the heat and the thick, stagnated air. Presently we had left the region of the masonry and were slipping down a gallery hewn in the living rock. For twenty paces or more, it ran steeply. Then its slope lessened, and shortly we found ourselves in a chamber painted white, so low that I, being tall, had scarce room to stand; but in length four paces, and in breadth three, and cased throughout with sculptured panels. Here Cleopatra sank upon the floor and rested a while, overcome by the heat and the utter darkness.

"Rise!" I said. "Here we must not linger, or we faint."

So she rose, and, passing hand in hand through that chamber, we found ourselves face to face with a mighty door of granite, let down from the roof in grooves. And once more I took counsel of the plan, pressed with my foot upon a certain stone, and waited. Then, suddenly and softly, I know not by what means, the mighty mass heaved itself from its bed of living rock. We passed beneath, and found ourselves face to face with a second door of granite. Again I pressed on a certain spot, and of itself this door swung wide, and we went through, to find ourselves face to face with a third door, yet more mighty than the twain through which we had won our way. Following the secret plan, this door I struck with my foot upon a certain spot, and slowly it sank as though at a word of magic till its head was level with the floor of rock. We crossed and gained another passage which, descending gently for a length of fourteen paces, led us into a great chamber, paved with black marble, more than nine cubits high, by nine cubits broad, and thirty cubits long. In this marble floor was sunk a great sarcophagus of granite, and on its lid were graven the name and titles of the Queen of Menka-ra. In this chamber, too, the air was more pure, though by what means it came thither I know not.

"Is the treasure here?" gasped Cleopatra.

"Nay," I answered; "follow me," and I led the way to a gallery, which we entered through an opening in the floor of the great chamber. It had been closed by a trap-door of stone, but the door was open. Creeping along this shaft, or passage, for some ten paces, we came at length to a well, in depth seven cubits. Making fast one end of the rope that I had brought about my body and the other to a ring in the rock, I was lowered, holding the lamp in my hand, till I stood in the last resting-place of the divine Menka-ra. Then the rope was drawn up, and Cleopatra, being made fast thereto, was let down by the eunuch, and I received her in my arms. But the eunuch, sorely against his will, for he feared to be left alone, I bade await our return at the mouth of the shaft. For it was not lawful that he should enter whither we went.

(To be continued.)

## MARRIAGES, BIRTHS, AND DEATHS IN 1888.

The Registrar-General's return of marriages, births, and deaths registered in England and Wales during the year 1888 is now published. The population of England and Wales, which was 25,974,439 in 1881, was estimated to have been 28,628,804 in the middle of 1888. The number of marriages registered during the year was 203,456—namely, 40,206 in the first quarter of the year, 51,489 in the second, 51,540 in the third, and 60,221 in the fourth. For the purposes of this abstract England and Wales are divided into eleven districts, and it is worthy of notice that in every district the first quarter produces the smallest number, the last quarter the largest number, of marriages. The births were 879,263 in number—namely, 446,958 of males, 432,305 of females. The total number of deaths in the same period was 510,690—namely, 263,216 of males, and 247,474 of females. More births occur in the earlier part of the year than in the later, the totals being 223,838 in March quarter, 224,077 June, 214,665 September, and 216,683 December. Of the deaths, 150,014 occurred in the March quarter, 127,821 in the December, 124,943 June, and 107,912 September. Of the eleven divisions, London is second in size, and the largest is the North-Western, containing Cheshire and Lancashire. The population of London in the middle of last year was estimated at 4,282,921. The marriages were 34,617 in number; 131,078 births occurred—of males, 66,628, and of females, 64,450; and 78,707 deaths—namely, 40,253 of males, and 38,454 of females. It will be seen that both in the births and deaths the total is greater for the males than for the females. This abstract gives us not only totals by divisions but also by counties. In each of the 11 districts the males are more numerous under both births and deaths. But if the list is examined by counties it will be found that the number of female births exceeded the number of males in three counties—in Huntingdon by 2, in Cambridge by 44, and in Essex by 1. In every county, as in the total, the deaths of males outnumber those of females.

The Lord Mayor, who was accompanied by the Lady Mayoress, presented on March 25 the prizes and certificates gained during the past year by the students in the educational and technical classes of the Polytechnic Institute, Regent-street.

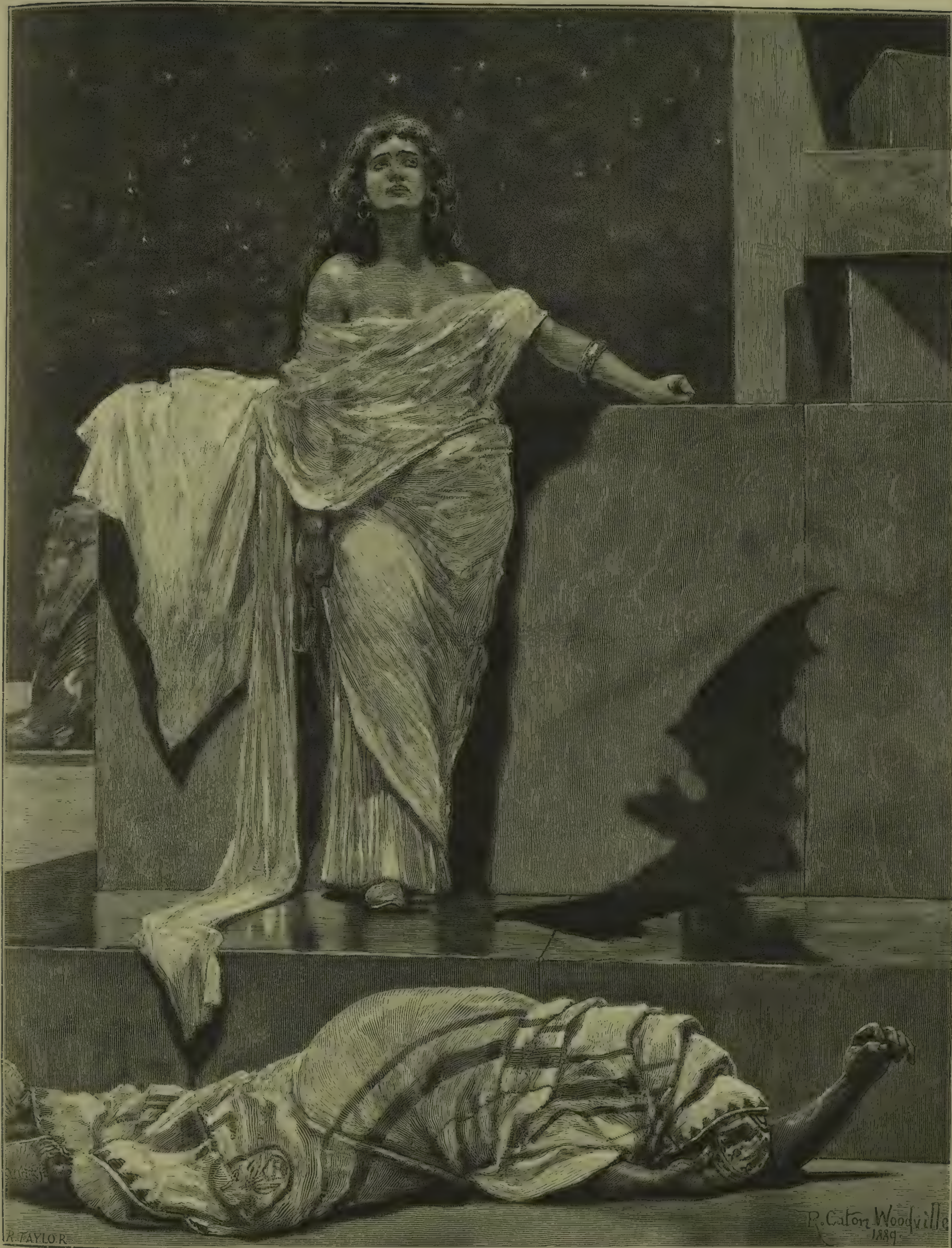
There was an extensive show of spring flowers at the Royal Horticultural Society's Exhibition, James-street, Westminster, on March 26, and papers were read by Dutch and English florists on the culture of the hyacinth.

The Rev. H. H. Montgomery, Vicar of St. Mark's, Kennington, has been nominated to the See of Tasmania, vacant by the resignation of Bishop Sandford. The appointment was delegated by the Church in Tasmania to the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishops of Winchester, Ely, and Manchester, and Bishop Sandford.

Dr. Alfred George Edwards, late Vicar of Carnarthen, was confirmed as Bishop of St. Asaph on March 23, in the church of St. Mary-le-Bow, Cheapside; and on the 25th, being the Feast of the Annunciation (Lady Day), was consecrated at Westminster Abbey; the Rev. J. Thomas Hayes being consecrated at the same time and place as Bishop of Trinidad. The Archbishop of Canterbury was assisted by the Bishops of London, St. Albans, St. Davids, Llandaff, and Jamaica, and Bishop Mitchinson.—It is announced that, on the recommendation of the Church Missionary Society, the Archbishop of Canterbury has appointed to the vacant See of Travancore and Cochin, South India, the Rev. Edward Noel Hodges, M.A., of Queen's College, Oxford, a missionary of the society now in Ceylon. Mr. Hodges was formerly principal of the Society's College at Masulipatam, South India, and is at present principal of its college at Kandy.

\* The "Upper," now known as the Third Pyramid.





DRAWN BY R. C. WOODVILLE.

*A mighty bat flew forth . . . Cleopatra uttered a cry of terror, and the cunuch, who was watching, fell down in fear.*

"CLEOPATRA."—BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.



## THE LATE

## RIGHT HON. JOHN BRIGHT, M.P.

The great Tribune of the People is no more! The eloquence that was a power in English politics is for ever silent, and to the Senate and the Nation there now only remains the memory of a consistent life and of great deeds accomplished. Englishmen, and the Anglo-Saxon race throughout the world, will cherish the name and fame of Mr. Bright as the appanage of one who "reverenced his conscience as his King." His death is viewed with universal regret, alike amongst those from whom he recently separated on the question of Home Rule for Ireland, as amongst those who either shared his views almost entirely or who differed from him upon nearly all points. His sterling qualities commanded the respect of his political opponents; and we can say of him, what, in some eyes, would have appeared to be treason fifty years ago, that the cardinal principles of his political creed have been largely accepted by the people and translated into legislative action by the successive Governments of his time.

The town of Rochdale, which owes no small share of its development to the Bright family, gave birth to Mr. Bright, who first saw the light on Nov. 16, 1811, at his father's house at Greenbank, then a kind of suburb of Rochdale. Originally, the Brights were settled in Wiltshire, being yeomen there, two centuries ago; but, after migrating to Warwickshire, they ultimately fixed their home in Lancashire. All the Brights were members of the Society of Friends. Jacob Bright, the founder of the firm afterwards known as Bright Brothers, was thrice married; and John Bright was his second child, by his second wife, Martha Wood, of Bolton-le-Moors. Other offspring of the same marriage are Mr. Jacob Bright, M.P., Mrs. Duncan Maclaren, and Mrs. Lucas, known for her earnest efforts in the Temperance cause. John Bright was a very delicate boy, and was only reared with great care. He was educated at Rochdale, Ackworth, York, and Clitheroe; and at the age of fifteen entered his father's business. He grew up in robust Liberal principles, and it was the misfortune of many of his friends and relatives to suffer for conscience' sake. Mr. Bright expanded his mind by Continental travel; and he early began to speak in public, his favourite themes being temperance, the abolition of capital punishment, and political questions. He opposed Church rates and Church Establishments, but was in favour of a limited Monarchy. In 1837, he published an anonymous address, "To the Radical Reformers of the Borough of Rochdale," which was distinguished by much thought and originality. He was strongly opposed to the Tories on domestic questions, and especially on those matters affecting the food, political enfranchisement, and taxation of the people. His strong views gave rise to the impression that he was a Republican; but in 1840 he took the chair at a great open-air meeting at Rochdale, called to congratulate the Queen upon her marriage, and down to his death he held the Sovereign in profound respect and esteem.

There was something pathetic in the circumstances under which Mr. Bright threw himself, with all his indomitable energy, into the struggle for the Repeal of the Corn Laws. He had been married, in 1839, to Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. Jonathan Priestman, of Newcastle; but after two brief years of married happiness, this lady died, and was buried in the Friends' graveyard at Rochdale. While sorrowing under this heavy bereavement, Mr. Bright was visited by Cobden. After condoling with his friend, Cobden touchingly said, "There are thousands of homes in England at this moment where wives, mothers, and children are dying of hunger. Now, when the first paroxysm of your grief is past, I would advise you to come with me, and we will never rest until the Corn Law is repealed." From that time the two men became as David and Jonathan to each other. Mr. Bright entered upon the campaign with earnestness and energy, and his eloquence, combined with the powerful arguments of Cobden, soon began to create a powerful impression amongst thinking Englishmen. Mr. Bright put up for the city of Durham, and, after one unsuccessful contest, he was returned to Parliament for that city in 1843. It was rather curious to find him quoting during the election such a poet as Shelley, with whom he had little in common. At a banquet, held in London to congratulate Mr. Bright on his return, Sir John Bowring thus happily parodied an epigram upon Dr. Goodenough, who was once called on to preach before the House of Commons:—

'Tis meet enough and fit enough the House should be enlightened,  
For sure enough they're dull enough, and wanting to be Brightened!

We need not now go through the records of that famous contest against monopoly, when Mr. Bright and his coadjutors were resolved to obtain an untaxed loaf for the British working-man. In some respects there has been no campaign like it this century, even the Reform struggle paled before it for the bitterness, the tenacity, and the desperation with which on one side it was waged. But no combination of the classes in a free country can expect to suppress the just rights of a nation for ever. The inexorable logic of facts was on the side of the Free Traders, and although they were described as plunderers, incendiaries, and what not, their cause continued steadily to advance. In the House and out of it, Cobden and Bright were unrelenting in their energies, untiring in their zeal. With millions of paupers in England and Ireland, and food so dear that it was scarcely procurable even by those whose lives were devoted to industry, it is not surprising that common-sense began to prevail over custom and intolerance. At last, the famine prospects in Ireland convinced Sir Robert Peel of the utter hopelessness of the Protectionist theory, and he frankly abandoned it. A Conservative Government, deserted by many of its own rank and file, but supported by the Liberal and Radical hosts, swept away the obnoxious Corn Laws; and for this great boon the people blessed their natural leaders and the great Conservative statesman who had risked calumny and obloquy to carry this beneficent measure. As M. Chevalier said, many years later, when he was entertained by the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, the names of Cobden, Bright, and the Ashworths deserved to be inscribed in letters of gold on the walls of the Chamber, and to be held in remembrance for ever. There was no episode in Mr. Bright's long and honourable career which, in the eyes of posterity, will reflect greater lustre upon his name.

Manchester elected Mr. Bright as one of its members in 1847, thus testifying to the high position he had attained in the public esteem by his talents, and by his services to the working classes and the commercial community. There was just one question upon which Mr. Bright appeared to have lagged behind—namely, the Factory Acts. He had opposed the legislation of Lord Ashley and his friends on the ground that it was an interference with the freedom of labour and the contract between employer and employed. Referring to this subject in his hustings speech at Manchester, Mr. Bright said, "I have been blamed because I did not give my assent to a measure which I believed to be injurious to the operatives themselves. I am blamed because I opposed the Ten Hours'

Bill, because I did not consent that Parliament should interfere to close the manufactories of this country for two hours per day. I may have been wrong, but if wrong I am wrong in ignorance, and not in intention." The result proved that the lot of the factory workers was greatly ameliorated by this beneficent legislation, and this was one of the very few occasions during which, for thirty or forty years, Mr. Bright was at variance with the prevailing popular sentiment.

From 1847 to 1853 Mr. Bright delivered many statesman-like speeches on the condition of Ireland, Disestablishment, and the Land question. In 1848, when Sir George Grey introduced a Bill for the suppression of seditious and treasonable proceedings, Mr. Bright held that it was quite within the right of an Englishman or an Irishman to discuss what form of Government he would choose to live under; and he maintained that when Government brought forward measures restricting the liberty of the subject, they should accompany them by others devised for the welfare and amelioration of the people. In 1850 he paid a visit to Ireland, and two years later he addressed an important letter to Dr. Gray, afterwards Sir John Gray, M.P., on the Irish Church, strongly advocating its Disestablishment. He was also in favour of removing all causes of offence to the people of Ireland—causes which drove them from the country in great numbers, and made them the implacable enemies of England wherever they went. Strict justice must be done through remedial legislation. We next find him opposing the attempts made to renew Protection in 1852, and the efforts of Mr. Disraeli to relieve the English landowners at the people's expense. He also condemned the taxes on knowledge and the fetters placed on the freedom of the press. He advocated economy and retrenchment in the public service, and brought in a Bill for the repeal of the Game Laws. On the question of Parliamentary oaths, he said that oaths were not necessary or effectual for any good purpose; and no man could pretend that civil or religious equality in that House was complete so long as this system prevailed. He warmly supported the removal of Jewish Disabilities, and refused to yield to the "No Popery" panic fostered by Lord John Russell in 1851. Bravely he spoke up for Louis Kossuth, the great Hungarian patriot, when he visited this country, and



THE ASH TREE FROM WHICH JOHN BRIGHT'S HOUSE  
(ONE ASH) TAKES ITS NAME.

he defended him from the aspersions sought to be cast upon him in the House of Commons.

When the Crimean War broke out, Mr. Bright at once stood forth in opposition to it, although he had arrayed against him the Government, the vast majority in the House of Commons, and all the powerful classes in the country. His attitude was most courageous, and his eloquence in Parliament touched its high-water mark in connection with this sad and painful subject. Lord Palmerston attacked him with much bitterness; his own Manchester did not go with him in the crisis; and a portion of his constituents even burned him in effigy. But none of these things dismayed him; and he continued to speak of the war in terms of the severest condemnation. Once his language was marked by the deepest pathos. It was after the reports of terrible blundering and mismanagement in the Crimea had reached England. Lives were being sacrificed by thousands, and the shadow of further troubles was still hanging over the Allied troops. Under these circumstances Parliament met early in 1855, and Mr. Bright made a strong and earnest appeal to the Prime Minister (Lord Palmerston) to stop the war. After a speech of great argumentative force, he came to this beautiful peroration: "The Angel of Death has been abroad throughout the land; you may almost hear the beating of his wings. There is no one, as when the first-born were slain of old, to sprinkle with blood the lintel and the two side-posts of our doors, that he may spare and pass on; he takes his victims from the castle of the noble, the mansion of the wealthy, and the cottage of the poor and the lowly; and it is on behalf of all these classes that I make my solemn appeal. . . . I would ask—I would entreat the noble Lord to take a course which, when he looks back upon his whole political career—whatever he may therein find to be pleased with, whatever to regret—cannot but be a source of gratification to him: By adopting that course he would have the satisfaction of reflecting that, having attained the object of his laudable ambition—having become the foremost subject of the Crown, the director of it, may be, the destinies of his country, and the presiding genius in her councils—he had achieved a still higher and nobler ambition: that he had returned the sword to the scabbard—that at his word torrents of blood had ceased to flow—that he had restored tranquillity to Europe, and saved this country from the indescribable calamities of war." All was of no avail; Mr. Bright was in a small minority, the whole country being practically enthusiastic for the war. The conflict went forward until Russia was subdued, and, after an enormous expenditure of blood and treasure, peace was signed at Paris on March 30, 1856.

Mr. Bright's health broke down after this, and in order to

re-establish it he paid visits to Scotland, Algiers, and Nice. At the last-named place he had an interesting interview with the Empress of Russia—widow of the haughty Nicholas—who said to him: "I know you have been just to my country." The sturdy Aristides replied that he wished to be, and thought he had been, just to both countries, England and Russia. At Turin, Mr. Bright had a long conversation with the eminent statesman Cavour, chiefly relating to Napoleon III. and the Treaty of Paris. In March, 1857, the Palmerston Government suffered a defeat in connection with the serious rupture with China. It arose, ostensibly, out of the seizure of the *Lorchia Arrow*; but Mr. Cobden, who brought forward the hostile motion, and Mr. Bright, who sympathised with him, were opposed to the whole Chinese policy of the Government as being unnecessarily aggressive, and as tending disastrously to impair the commercial and friendly intercourse between the two countries. Ministers were defeated by 263 to 247 votes, and Lord Palmerston dissolved Parliament. The Manchester election was conducted during Mr. Bright's absence abroad; but, although Cobden and Milner Gibson spoke warmly in his behalf, he was defeated by a coalition of Conservatives and Palmerstonian Liberals. Cobden also was beaten at Huddersfield. Widespread regret was expressed at their temporary exclusion from the House of Commons, and even the *Saturday Review* said: "In Bright, Parliament has lost one of its ablest orators and brightest ornaments, and these are not times in which such losses are easily repaired." Manchester was upbraided for sacrificing genius to mediocrity.

Only a few months later a vacancy occurred in the representation of Birmingham. The capital of the Midlands repaired the blunder of Manchester, and elected Mr. Bright with enthusiasm. From that time forward—August, 1857—until his death, Mr. Bright continued to sit as one of the members for Birmingham. Within the lapse of a year the "Peace Party" were amply avenged upon Lord Palmerston. That clever and jaunty statesman was overthrown in February, 1858, on his Conspiracy to Murder Bill, which Milner Gibson and his friends alleged was introduced at the bidding of the French Emperor. Indian questions began at this time to absorb public attention, and Lord Derby's Ministry introduced measures for bringing the Government of India directly under the Crown. The member for Birmingham had long studied India both from the political and commercial aspects, and he delivered a number of important speeches, advocating the native interests, and recommending a closer approximation to Indian claims on the part of the Imperial Government. At a later period he advocated the creation of five or six independent presidencies as the best solution of the Indian difficulty, especially as he held that the day must come when, from some cause or other, the power of England would be withdrawn from India.

In 1858-9 the Reform question was agitated. Mr. Bright appeared at Manchester, Birmingham, and other places, demanding a substantial measure; but when Disraeli produced the Tory scheme in Parliament, Feb. 28, 1859, Mr. Bright denounced it as excluding the working-classes, who could not be much longer kept out of their natural rights. Ministers were defeated on the second reading of their Bill by 330 to 291 votes, and Parliament was thereupon dissolved, and the question remitted to the constituencies. In his election address and speeches, Mr. Bright said he was for "peace, retrenchment, and reform"; but he emphatically denied the slander that he had disparaged the Crown of England. At the poll, he was nearly three thousand votes ahead of his opponent, Mr. T. D. Acland. The country generally gave a majority against the Tories, and the Derby Government was thrown out on the meeting of Parliament. Palmerston again came in, with Mr. Gladstone as his Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Cobden's negotiations with Napoleon III. for a Commercial Treaty between England and France, and Mr. Gladstone's famous Budget of 1860 had the warm approval of Mr. Bright. He regarded the Treaty as a spot of light amid much European darkness—a great measure of justice to England, a great measure of friendship to France. One of the longest, as well as one of the most powerful of his Parliamentary orations was delivered towards the close of the Session of 1860, when Lord Palmerston proposed to strengthen the national defences at enormous additional cost. Fears of foreign aggression were then very prevalent; but, although Mr. Bright had never spoken more forcibly or more eloquently, the House was panic-stricken and voted the grant demanded by an immense majority. When, in the Session of 1861, Mr. Bright defended Mr. Stansfeld for his relations with Mazzini, he provoked a dramatic scene by remarking that at one time Mr. Disraeli had given expression to opinions very similar to those of the Italian patriot. Mr. Disraeli, overcome with excitement, sprang up and exclaimed, "There is not the slightest foundation for that statement. I give it the most unequivocal contradiction." However, a quotation afterwards given from Lord Beaconsfield's youthful work, "The Revolutionary Epick," showed that there was some ground for Mr. Bright's comparison.

The great struggle for the Repeal of the Paper Duty—a measure proposed by Mr. Gladstone—found Mr. Bright in the forefront, and, of course, on the side of the people and a free press. Lord Derby nearly provoked a collision between the two Houses on this question; but the Chancellor of the Exchequer stood to his guns, and ultimately carried his proposals.

During the Civil War in America, which involved the overthrow of slavery, Mr. Bright consistently advocated the cause of the North. This is one of the most praiseworthy incidents in his career; for the war was most detrimental to the interests of the cotton industry of Lancashire, and Mr. Bright and his friends and sympathisers in the cotton districts were heavy losers by the triumph of the very party which they supported. But he knew only one rule for personal guidance—that of right and justice—and he never hesitated in his choice wherever principle, as he regarded it, was involved. His speech against Mr. Roebuck's motion for the recognition of the Southern Confederacy (June 30, 1863) was one of the finest displays of almost impromptu oratory ever listened to in the House of Commons. "Old Dog Tear'em," as Roebuck was called, certainly had his teeth drawn on that occasion. In a speech abounding with sarcasm he absolutely tore Mr. Roebuck's address into tatters. Towards the close he became wonderfully stirring and pathetic as he prayed for the triumph of the North, denounced slavery, and implored the House that England might not lift hand or voice in aid of the most stupendous act of guilt that history had recorded in the annals of mankind. Great Britain fortunately observed a strict neutrality at this serious crisis.

Mr. Bright was at this time in all the full activity of his political life. We now find him defending his friend Cobden against the strictures of the *Times*; stigmatising the evils of the land and territorial system in England; advocating the abolition of the death-punishment; and arguing strongly against Sir Wilfrid Lawson's Permissive Bill. Canadian affairs, and a threatened rupture with the United States, found him ready with sage counsel; and at the time of the Jamaica massacre he spoke with indignant disapproval of the proceedings of Governor Eyre and the murder of Mr. Gordon. He was one of the leading members of the committee formed



for the prosecution of Mr. Eyre, when the Government had declined to undertake the task.

The closest and most intimate of Mr. Bright's personal and political friendships was severed by the death of Mr. Cobden on April 2, 1865. In the House of Commons tributes were paid to the deceased by Lord Palmerston and Mr. Disraeli, but when it came to Mr. Bright's turn to speak he nearly broke down from emotion. After a few sentences in which he referred to a brotherly friendship extending over twenty years, he added, "I little knew how much I loved him until I found that I had lost him"—and then he sank down into his seat, overwhelmed with grief.

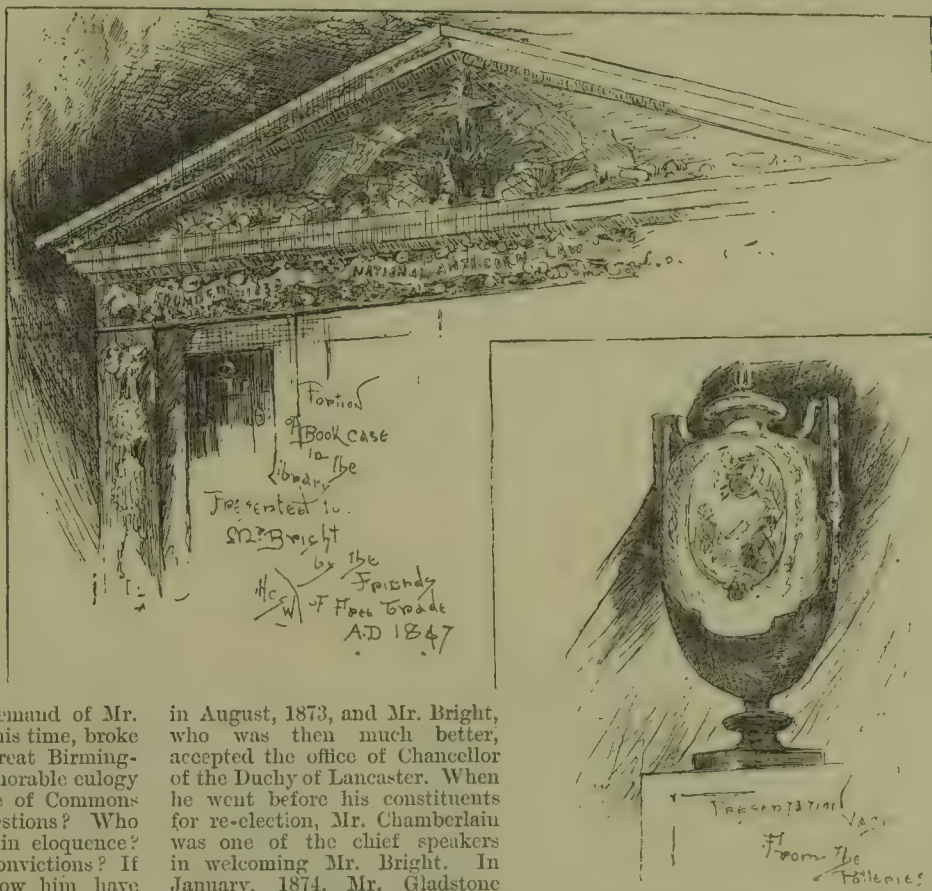
After the death of Lord Palmerston, in October, 1865, the question of Parliamentary Reform was urgently pressed forward. At Birmingham and Rochdale Mr. Bright spoke with unusual force and eloquence in favour of a wide extension of the suffrage; and on March 12, 1866, before a densely-crowded House of Commons, Mr. Gladstone brought in the Government Reform Bill. By creating an occupation franchise in counties from £14 upwards, and introducing new franchises in boroughs, it was proposed to admit about 400,000 new voters to the Constitution. The debates which ensued stand almost alone for their warmth as well as their ability. Opposition arose amongst a small section of Liberals, headed by Mr. Lowe and Mr. Horsman, and Mr. Bright convulsed the House with laughter by comparing this party of two to a Scotch terrier, "which was so covered with hair that you could not tell which was the head and which was the tail." He also described Mr. Lowe as retiring into his political Cave of Adullam, and the epithet clung permanently to the discontented party. Mr. Bright supported the Government proposals, although he thought they did not go far enough; but he was in favour of taking what he could get on behalf of the people in this matter of Reform. The second reading was carried by a majority of five; but in Committee Ministers were defeated by 315 votes to 304, on an amendment by Lord Dunkellin in favour of a borough franchise based on rating instead of on rental. Lord Russell's Government thereupon resigned, and a Derby-Disraeli Administration was formed. The triumph of Reform, however, could not long be delayed. The country became profoundly excited; and in London, when permission was refused to hold a meeting in Hyde Park, a lamentable riot occurred. At Brookfields, near Birmingham, a Reform demonstration was attended by no fewer than 150,000 persons. Manhood suffrage and the ballot were advocated, and Mr. Bright said he was a great friend of the latter and had no fear of the former. All through the ensuing autumn and winter, Mr. Bright laboured as he was never able to labour in any cause afterwards. His physical and mental exertions were stupendous, and upon his shoulders mainly rested the Atlantean burden of Reform. By sarcasm happily drawn from "The Biglow Papers," by trenchant arguments, and by apt illustrations, he overwhelmed his opponents, and powerfully advanced the cause he had at heart.

Early in the Session of 1867, Mr. Disraeli introduced the Government scheme, announcing that it was his intention to proceed by way of resolutions. From a phrase used by a member of the Cabinet, this measure became known as the "Ten Minutes' Bill," owing to the manner in which it had been adopted by the Cabinet. The Liberal Party regarded it as a waste of time to discuss the resolutions; and Mr. Disraeli withdrew them, producing, instead, a Bill which led to the resignation of General Peel, Lord Carnarvon, and Lord Cranborne (now Marquis of Salisbury). The history of the measure is well known. Government proposed a scheme of household suffrage, hedged in by an extraordinary system of checks. One by one, these checks were abandoned at the demand of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright. A few Liberals, at this time, broke away from the Liberal leader, and it was at a great Birmingham gathering that Mr. Bright uttered this memorable eulogy of Mr. Gladstone:—"Who is there in the House of Commons that equals him in knowledge of all political questions? Who equals him in earnestness? Who equals him in eloquence? Who equals him in courage and fidelity to his convictions? If these gentlemen who say they will not follow him have anyone who is his equal, let them show him. If they can point out any statesman who can add dignity and grandeur to the stature of Mr. Gladstone, let them produce him." In the House of Commons the Reform Bill was pushed forward from day to day, and, ultimately, it was carried, being despondently described by the late Lord Derby as "a leap in the dark." Those who had a robust faith in the people, however, like Mr. Bright, were justified by events in having ardently striven to place the representation of the people upon a satisfactory and durable basis.

A dispassionate reading of Mr. Bright's numerous speeches upon Irish questions led many of his former admirers to the conclusion that his opposition to Home Rule in 1886-8 was practically a retrogression in policy. Mr. Bright arrived at his decision in opposition to Home Rule with all that lofty conscientiousness for which he was always distinguished; and yet it has been urged that Home Rule was but the natural corollary to the arguments which he constantly advanced on behalf of Ireland from 1813 to 1881. At any rate, there is a wide gulf fixed between his earlier and his later Irish policy; and towards the close of his life he seemed to have lost that faith and hope in the Irish race which he unquestionably manifested during the greater part of his life. His noble pleading had much to do with accelerating two of the greatest measures which were passed in the interest of Ireland before the Land Act of 1881—namely, the Act for the Disestablishment and Disendowment of the Irish Church, and the Act of 1870 for the amendment of the system of land tenure in Ireland. His one great argument against the Irish Church might have been turned very forcibly against himself as regards Home Rule. "Why should our Parliament," he asked again and again at public meetings in the House of Commons, "maintain a Church against the opinions and repeated protests, against the great majority of the Irish people?" So it came to pass that he was the most conspicuous agent, next to the Premier himself, in passing those remedial measures for Ireland, whose marvellous and statesmanlike details were elaborated by Mr. Gladstone. His rebuke of Mr. Disraeli for putting his Sovereign in the forefront in order to overcome the popular feeling against the Church will not readily be forgotten; nor his demand for equal justice to Ireland in obedience to the sympathies of the vast majority of the population. Mr. Bright described the Act of Union as "fraudful," and stated that he was willing and anxious to supplement that Act by deeds of generosity and of justice which should cut the ground from Irish Repealers, and establish a bond of real union between

the three kingdoms. With sonorous and thrilling eloquence he recommended Mr. Gladstone's Irish Church Disestablishment Bill to Parliament in the Session of 1869, and there were never heard before or since finer pleas on behalf of Ireland and the Irish people. So strongly did he feel on the question that he emphatically declared that the condition of things which had existed in Ireland for the past two hundred, one hundred, or even fifty years, would have been utterly impossible if Ireland had been removed from the shelter and the influence and the power of Great Britain. The Land question in Ireland was also a prominent subject in many of Mr. Bright's public addresses; but owing to illness he was not able to support the Land Bill of 1870 in the Commons as he would otherwise have done. He urged certain "purchase clauses" upon the Cabinet, however, which were partially accepted; but it was not until the legislation of 1881 that his scheme was fairly and fully adopted. The Irish speeches of Mr. Bright at this period may be reverted to now as being among the finest he ever delivered, and as forming a perfect armoury of suggestions and arguments on Irish questions.

Although Mr. Bright never felt drawn towards an official career, when Mr. Gladstone came into office on the Irish question in December, 1868, he could not withstand the pressure put upon him to join the new Liberal Ministry. It was pointed out to him that his principles were in the ascendant, and that he ought not to refuse to give effect to them. His scruples being overcome, he joined the Government as President of the Board of Trade, and was sworn in a member of her Majesty's Privy Council, taking henceforth the prefix of "Right Honourable." Although he wished, as he said, to "dwell among his own people," there were public considerations which he could not resist; but if he ever found the two positions of representative and Minister incompatible, he would not forget his duty to his constituents. In consequence of ill-health, nevertheless, he was compelled to tender his resignation in 1870, and it was accepted by the Premier with much reluctance. In 1872 he contradicted a report that he was in favour of Home Rule for Ireland—a report, it appears, mostly founded on the general tenor of his Irish speeches; but he now clearly stated that in his opinion "two legislative assemblies or Parliaments in the United Kingdom would be an intolerable mischief." Mr. Gladstone reconstructed his Cabinet



in August, 1873, and Mr. Bright, who was then much better, accepted the office of Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. When he went before his constituents for re-election, Mr. Chamberlain was one of the chief speakers in welcoming Mr. Bright. In January, 1874, Mr. Gladstone advised the Queen to dissolve Parliament. After accomplishing an unparalleled amount of beneficent legislation, the Government had lost popularity amongst various classes of the community, and in the course of six years the Liberal majority had fallen from 116 to about 70. The loss of prestige was, in some respects, really honourable to Mr. Gladstone, for he had arrayed against himself the licensed victuallers and the privileged classes. Mr. Bright was enthusiastically re-elected for Birmingham; but the elections generally went against the Liberals, and Mr. Gladstone resigned, being succeeded as Prime Minister by Mr. Disraeli.

The Eastern Question and the Bulgarian Atrocities thoroughly roused England in 1875-7, and Mr. Bright admirably seconded the Liberal leader by delivering a great speech at Birmingham, in the course of which he called upon the Government to unite with Russia and the other great Powers in securing the independence of the Christian provinces of European Turkey. During the ensuing crisis, the "Jingoes," as they came to be called, supported the Government in a war-like and blustering policy. But, mainly owing to the exertions of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright, the war fever in England gradually subsided; and in August, 1878, the Berlin Treaty was concluded, by which the Eastern Question was once more temporarily laid at rest. Mr. Bright continued to express himself, both by letter and on the platform, upon a great variety of public questions—including foreign intervention, free trade and reciprocity, Conservative policy, protection in the United States, &c. In 1879, he received a flattering invitation from President Hayes to visit the United States; and had he done so, he would, no doubt, have had an extraordinary and probably unparalleled reception. But he pleaded advancing age and a severe domestic bereavement as reasons for having lost the spirit and the energy which were needful to make a visit to America useful or pleasant.

The Beaconsfield Administration had become very unpopular at the close of 1879; and Mr. Gladstone's memorable Midlothian campaign, in the previous autumn, had inflicted upon it serious damage. On March 8, 1880, Lord Beaconsfield addressed a manifesto to the Duke of Marlborough, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, announcing the immediate dissolution of Parliament. The country was thrown into a ferment; and some idea of the energy and activity of the Liberal leaders may be gathered from the fact that during the ensuing election contest Mr. Gladstone made fifteen speeches, Lord Hartington twenty-four, and Mr. Bright six. The elections generally resulted in the complete discomfiture of the Conservative party. Lord Beaconsfield resigned, and after some excitement

as to the probable new Premier, Mr. Gladstone was sent for. He took office as Premier and Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Mr. Bright again accepted the post of Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. When the case of Mr. Bradlaugh came up in the new Parliament, Mr. Bright spoke with great vigour and energy in favour of releasing him from the oath. In the following November he was elected Lord Rector of Glasgow University; obtaining a majority in all four nations against his opponent, Mr. Ruskin. In the Session of 1881 he rendered great service in the passing of the Irish Land Bill, which embodied his principles of purchase, and which, in a great measure, has fulfilled his expectations. Its object was to give adequate security of possession to the Irish tenantry, at rents not excessive or unreasonable; and to give them also, by the free right of assignment or sale of their holdings, the value of improvements made by them.

Mr. Bright's seventieth birthday was celebrated with great enthusiasm by his townsmen of Rochdale on Nov. 16, 1881. Among the many presentations made to him, not the least interesting was one from the workpeople in the employ of Messrs. Bright and Sons, which formed a pleasing retort of the malicious slanders of Mr. Bright's political opponents as to the relations between master and workmen. At a great meeting in the Townhall he reviewed the progress of England during the forty years of his public life. In July, 1882, he retired from the Government, a step which caused great excitement throughout the country. The position of affairs in Egypt had long caused him deep concern, and when the Government interfered by force of arms, and directed the bombardment of Alexandria, he felt that he could no longer retain his post. He held that the attack upon Alexandria was a manifest violation both of the international and the moral law. Mr. Gladstone gave expression to the feelings of universal regret caused by Mr. Bright's retirement, stating that while he agreed with his late colleague on the general question of the moral law, he differed from him in this particular application of it. The great Reform Conference at Leeds in October, 1882, drew Mr. Bright from his retirement, and he spoke strongly in favour of the new Reform Bill, and upon the necessity of curtailing the power of the House of Lords. Early in 1885 Mr. Bright made it clearly manifest that his views on some points were not

in complete harmony with those of the most advanced Radicals. He expressed his doubts whether the question of the Disestablishment of the English Church would be ripe in the next Parliament; declared against the enlargement of the Empire, which he considered to be a delusion and a snare; and pronounced the idea of Imperial Federation childish and absurd. At a banquet given to Lord Spencer in July, 1885, Mr. Bright denounced certain members of the Irish Party as disloyal to the Crown, and directly hostile to Great Britain. Mr. Callan brought his speech before the House of Commons as a breach of privilege; but the motion was rejected by 154 to 23 votes.

In 1886 Mr. Bright separated from Mr. Gladstone on the Irish question, after warmly supporting his general policy for nearly a quarter of a century. The Premier having brought forward two important legislative measures for Ireland—a Bill for securing Home Rule and a Land Purchase Bill—the Ministry were defeated on their Home Rule scheme by 343 votes to 313. This defeat was the result of a combination between the Liberal Dissentients and the Conservatives. Mr. Gladstone appealed to the country; but the elections went decisively against him, and he resigned office, Lord Salisbury succeeding him as Premier. In speeches to his constituents, and in other ways, Mr. Bright expressed his antipathy to the idea of two legislative assemblies in the United Kingdom, asserting that no Irish Parliament could be as powerful and as just in Ireland as the United Parliament sitting in Westminster. It was not a little curious that soon after Mr. Bright's secession from the bulk of the Liberal Party on the Irish question, the University of Oxford conferred upon him the honorary degree of D.C.L. No Englishman better deserved the distinction; but the party which conferred it had hitherto

been known for the bitterest antagonism towards its recipient. It is much more pleasurable to record that before his death Mr. Bright exchanged messages of personal friendliness with Mr. Gladstone, with whom he had long been on terms of close intimacy, and with whom, politically, he had much in common.

Mr. Bright married first, in 1839, as already stated, Miss Elizabeth Priestman, daughter of Mr. Jonathan Priestman, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. By this lady he had one daughter, Helen, who married Mr. W. S. Clark, of Street, in Somersetshire. Mrs. Bright died in the year 1841. At the time of his first marriage Mr. Bright built his residence of One Ash, Rochdale, so called from the tree in front of his mansion, and in distinction and yet relation to Monyash, the residence of his ancestors, in Derbyshire. He married secondly, in June, 1847, Miss Margaret Elizabeth Leatham, daughter of Mr. William Leatham, the well-known banker of Wakefield. This union was blessed by a family of seven children. Mr. John Albert Bright, the statesman's eldest son, shares his father's Unionist views. The second son, Mr. W. L. Bright, is a staunch Gladstonian M.P. The other children were—Mary Harriet; Anna Elizabeth; Margaret Sophia; Leonard, who died in 1864; and Philip, who resides in London. Mr. Bright's second wife died suddenly on May 13, 1878, at One Ash. The Queen sent a telegram expressing her deep sympathy with Mr. Bright in his bereavement, and expressions of sympathy were also forwarded to him from all parts of the kingdom.

As an orator, Mr. Bright was regarded as one of the greatest who have ever adorned the House of Commons. As a statesman, he was distinguished for his high moral courage and earnestness. He said what he meant, and meant all that he said; and it was his typical British qualities which gave him such a high place in the affections of his countrymen. In private life his tastes were of the simplest. He was passionately fond of salmon-fishing, and frequently visited the shooting-lodge of his friend, Mr. Bass, on the Spey, as well as other parts of the Scotch Highlands, in quest of his favourite sport. At home, his leisure was occupied either in a game at billiards—in which he was proficient—or in reading, to which he devoted a large portion of his time. He was very fond of the animal creation, especially of dogs; and we need not enlarge upon his known sympathy with humanity. He was a thorough Englishman; upright and sincere; and ever foremost in asserting the liberties of the people to whom it was his proud boast to belong.





A LONDON STREET-CROSSING.



THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

Although all trace of Mr. Whistler's brief tenure of the presidency of this venerable society may be said to have been removed, and even his golden butterfly effaced from the notice-board, it can hardly be said that the surviving members show any very distinct purpose, or justify their existence apart from the rest of their *confrères*. We are not prepared to admit that "commonplace" is the trade-mark of the British artist—as the majority of those who exhibit in the Suffolk-street Gallery would have us believe—nor do we think that artistic merit can be accurately measured by the test of sales effected. Even where the attempt is made to rise above the platitudes of the last half-century, it too often happens that the artist has on starting forgotten the advice of Boileau to the ambitious poet, and has no strength with which to carry his thoughts into action. But if this is the general impression conveyed by the five or six hundred works of art brought together under the auspices of the "British Artists," we must make a few exceptions. Mr. Yeend King, for instance, is always a careful painter, although he not unfrequently overemphasises his work. The title of his most important picture, "Spoiling Sport" (403), hardly conveys an idea of a mill-stream back-water overhung by rich masses of foliage, and embosomed amid flowery grasses and rushes. The colour is overstrong, as in so much of the artist's work; but we seem to trace in his clever figure-study, "At the Château" (450)—which would be better named "Going to the Wash"—a tendency towards softer effects and treatment. Mr. Hubert Vos must, however, be regarded as the Society's strongest "card," contributing half-a-dozen works, all of which exhibit strength, but none of which are free from a certain morbid sentiment, of which Josef Israels set the fashion many years ago. "Pauvres Gens" (559), the largest and most important picture, is the deathbed of a poor cottager. There is little difficulty in making such a scene impressive; but Mr. De Vos piles up lugubrious associations by representing the midnight watchers of the darkened room. Into his "Breton Interior" (441) he introduces no figures at all, and we are left to extract such thoughts as we may from the empty cradle beside the empty bed, and from the empty bench before the extinguished grate. Another important work, "The Old Fountain at St. Cloud" (305), around which the autumn leaves have been falling, is so hung as to be unappreciable; but the colour of the foliage seems good, though somewhat monotonous. Mr. Dudley Hardy's French training has not led him to such pitfalls of sentiment as those which Mr. Vos delights in digging for himself; and in both of Mr. Hardy's works—"Thoughts of the Absent" (347) and "Idle Moments" (340)—there is not only considerable talent but a healthy tone. The former represents a woman, in shadow, shredding vegetables into the family *pot-au-feu*, and the latter is apparently the interior of the artist's own studio. Mr. G. Sherwood Hunter also shows good work and foreign influence in "The Barber's Shop" (361) of Volendam, or any other port along the Zuyder Zee, and Mr. W. H. Pike's Venetian studies (277, 283) have a decided reality and truth about them, although he allows himself to mix up Messrs. Alma-Tadema, De Blaas, Henry Woods, and others in a curious but effective *olla podrida* of fruit, vegetables, and gay-dressed peasants. Mr. W. H. Gadsby, who once gave so much promise as a painter of children, has altogether "gone to pieces" if "Pulling the Cracker" (263) is a fair specimen of his present powers. The two new names, Mr. F. E. Gröne and Mr. Alex. Mann, promise to be useful supporters of the society, if we may judge from the former's "A cloud lay cradled in the setting sun" (278), and the latter's "Gleaner" (281), where again the French teaching comes into evidence. Mr. L. C. Henley is always careful in drawing as well as cunning in costume, but these two qualities, admirable as they may be, hardly take the place of original sentiment. The lovers' quarrel or domestic jar which serves as the subject of his highly finished picture (299) has been worn threadbare, and needs some other illustration than the rejected locket and the well-caped gentleman, hat and riding-crop in hand, about to leave the lady for ever. The President, Mr. Wyke Bayliss, has a wonderful power of seeing cathedrals through decorative spectacles, and can transform even the simplest interiors into scenes of mysterious beauty. The dark aisles of Milan Cathedral (329) are, we think, his least successful; and the rich screen of St. Mark's at Venice (130), although only in water-colour, his most. Among other oil-paintings, may be mentioned Mr. G. E. Hicks' two single figure-pieces, "Playmates" (328) and "Little Bashful" (332), which show some spirited drawing; Mr. Ayerst Ingram's "Moonlight" (326), a somewhat bold attempt to render a black sea touched by the moonlight; Mr. H. Hollingdale's "Where tall trees cast their shadows in the pool" (348); Mr. J. S. Noble's group of shaggy "Otter Hounds" (367); Mr. Edwin Ellis's overcontrasted and somewhat fantastic "After the Storm" (377); Mr. R. J. Gordon's cleverly painted "A Tiff" (378)—a lady and gentleman in last-century costume on a settle looking very uncomfortable; Mr. V. P. Yglesias's polychrome view of "Loch Fyne" (433); and Mr. James E. Grace's more subdued "Autumn Landscape" (447). Amongst the water-colours, which are stronger than usual, a prominent position should be given to Mr. Jackson Curnock's careful study of rocks at "Llyn Idwal" (175) and to a very different subject, a look on the Avon (5) near Bristol, in which the varied powers of the artist are distinctly brought out. Mr. J. M. Bromley's "Cross Roads" (16) and "Old Gravel Pit" (142), Mr. T. B. Hardy's "Water-Gate at Hoorn" (32), Mr. A. W. Weedon's view of Arundel (123), looking across the Sussex Weald; Mr. Ernest George's "Street in Cassel" (156), Miss Nora Davison's inn at Oulton Broad (154), are a few among the more distinctive works. Most noteworthy of all is the large terra-cotta panel of the "Prodigal Son" (583), by Mr. George Tinworth, which must be regarded as quite a unique work among the productions of modern modellers. Mr. Tinworth has had the courage to represent the whole scene, with some twenty or more figures either wholly detached or in high relief, much in the style of the magnificent work which adorns the Ceppo Hospital at Pistoja, and attributed to Della Robbia. In the rendering of the children, who group themselves about the work, Mr. Tinworth has been especially happy, and in giving a suggestion of reality to the scene he has achieved a triumph for English art of which Lambeth—where he was trained—may well be proud. The mere mechanical process of "baking" has been skillfully done for Mr. Tinworth by Messrs. Doulton.

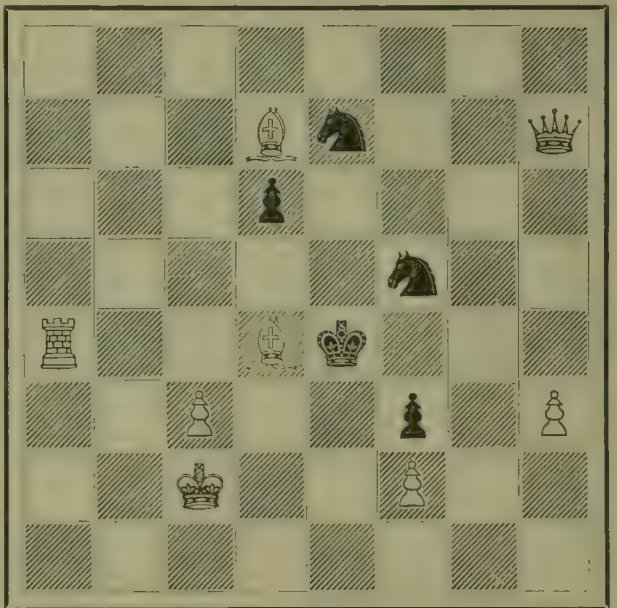
The representatives of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge competed on March 29, for the twenty-sixth year, in various athletic sports. Mr. K. L. McDonald, St. John's, Oxford, won in throwing the hammer; Mr. C. Rolfe, Clare, Cambridge, in putting the weight; Mr. R. W. Turner, Trinity Hall, Cambridge, the 100-yards and the quarter-mile races; Mr. F. J. K. Cross, New, Oxford, the mile race; Mr. W. Pollock-Hill, Keble, Oxford, the three-mile race; Mr. J. L. Greig, Clare, Cambridge, the 120-yards hurdle-race (ten hurdles) and the long jump; and Mr. E. B. Badcock, Trinity, Cambridge, the high jump.

CHESS.

F N BRAUND (Ware).—Always glad to hear from you, and shall look forward to your next meeting with a master.  
J OLVER (Stroud-green).—No. 1 is a fair attempt, and free from faults, but much too simple. The same criticism applies to No. 2; but there is more idea of a problem in it than the other. Try again.  
R H BROOKS.—If you look carefully at No. 2340 you will see it is a mate in two, and not in three, moves.  
E ST. J. CRANE (Leicester).—Very neat, but the idea is done to death. Your problem in two moves was passed over as too weak.  
DR F ST AND J C C.—The proper reply to Q to Q 4th in No. 2340 is K to K B 4th, and there is no mate. We have had so many proposed solutions the answer to which was I. R to Q Kt 4th, that we confused your suggestions with the rest.  
MAXWELL JACKSON.—Your compositions are all too weak. The play is utterly void of interest, the first essential of a problem.  
M S HUNT (Bermuda).—We shall make room for your problem shortly. It is a neatly constructed position.  
CARSLAKE W WOOD.—Thanks.  
G C HEYWOOD.—Games and problems to hand with many thanks. We will act in the matter as you suggest.  
T B ROWLAND.—A notice of your new work will appear very shortly.  
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2340 received from L V R and J D (Natal); of No. 2341 from L V R, J D, and T Greenhill (Bombay); of No. 2343 from J S Moore, Charles Burnett, Hannan (Lockerbie), Emil Frau (Lyons), J W Shaw (Montreal), H S B (Shooter's-hill), E B Schwann, and W R Griffith (New York); of No. 2344 from Hannan (Lockerbie), Charles Burnett, and J S King (Dublin); of No. 2345 from Charles Burnett, R H Reed (Liverpool), Hannan (Lockerbie), P C (The Hague), G J Veale, and J G Grant.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2344.  
By L. DESANGES.  
WHITE.  
1. B to R 5th  
2. Q takes P  
3. B to B 3rd—Mate.  
BLACK.  
P to R 8th, or Kt moves  
K takes Q  
NOTE.—If he play 2. P to Q 4th, then 2. Q takes P, P takes Q; 3. Kt to B 5th—Mate.

PROBLEM No. 2348.  
By J. PIERCE, M.A.  
BLACK.



WHITE.  
White to play, and mate in two moves.

The annual chess-match between the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge was held at the British Chess Club on March 28, and drew, as usual, a large crowd of spectators. Opinions were divided as to the merits of the team, and a close fight was anticipated, the result of the matches with the City of London Club pointing slightly in favour of Cambridge. In the end, however, Oxford won handsomely, as the following score shows:—

OXFORD.				CAMBRIDGE.			
A. G. G. Ross	..	..	1	..	R. S. Topham	..	.. 0
W. Stoney	..	..	1	..	H. E. Robinson	..	.. 0
E. M. Jackson	..	..	2	..	N. M. Browne	..	.. 0
T. Hamilton	..	..	0½	..	A. W. G. Allen	..	.. 0½
E. B. Osborn	..	..	1½	..	R. W. Bayliss	..	.. 0½
F. B. Gunnery	..	..	0½	..	E. Taylor	..	.. 0½
W. M. Le Palouet	..	..	0½	..	H. B. Lester	..	.. 1½

Total 7  
Total 3  
Three of each of the above lists played last year. Cambridge has now won ten times to Oxford's six, the match of 1883 being a draw.

Besides the above match a combined team of the two Universities played against the second class of the City of London Club on the previous evening and scored a victory by 10½ games to 9½, precisely the same as last year. To the winning side, which included several old Blues, Oxford contributed 5½ games and Cambridge 5. On Monday, March 25, Cambridge also played the Athenæum Club, Camden-road, but were defeated by 4½ games to 1½.

The great match between the East and West of Scotland, which numbered more players than ever met before in such a contest, was held on March 23 at Strirling. The teams numbered 68 a side, and after three hours' play the West proved successful by 63 games against 39 scored by the East.

We understand the proposed match between the British and City of London Clubs threatens to fall to the ground on the question of the number of the competing teams.

The seventh problem tourney of the *Sheffield Independent* has ended in the following results:—For two-move problems, 1st, W. Gleave; 2nd, E. J. Winter Wood; 3rd, H. H. Davis. For three-move problems, 1st, Cecil A. L. Bull; 2nd, P. G. L. Fothergill; 3rd, H. Ernst.

The return match between the Plymouth and Liskeard Chess Clubs was played on March 21, when the former was again successful.

The American Congress is now in full swing, but the lack of many conspicuous names in the list of competitors will prevent it occupying the high place it otherwise might have done in International Tournaments. The English players up to the present figure well in the leading division.

*Chess Openings, Ancient and Modern* (London: Trübner and Co., Ludgate-hill).—A work reputed to have commanded the services of nearly all the British chess analysts is one from which, naturally, much would be expected, and justified the hope that it would take high rank amongst publications of its kind. We are sorry, therefore, to find the book before us does not realise such anticipations. In effect it is little else than "Cook's Synopsis" sunk in the most dismal depths of the German "Handbuch." What little of it that is original is distinctly good; but the proportion of sack to bread is intolerably small. The introduction to each section, for instance, in which the theory of the opening, both in its attacking and defending aspects, is considered, is a feature of real merit, which might have been profitably extended at the expense of much excessive and ridiculous analysis. The general maxims of play, put into very clear and definite form, are also valuable, and the student who masters them reaps the harvest of many men's experience in chess strategy; but the rest of the book is a mere copy of others like itself, and little effort is made to get out of the ordinary rut. The old-fashioned openings are treated at the same inordinate length as has hitherto been the custom, whilst the new débuts meet with the scantiest attention. A showy attack like the Muzio, of proved unsoundness, receives as much space as the Vienna Game, which has come to the front rank in the estimation of first-class players. The Queen's Gambit, despite its resourcefulness and growing popularity, obtains rather less recognition than it got from Mr. Wormald, an examination of the gambit declined being wholly wanting. The close games are pushed into a few final pages, although the French Defence is now preferred to any other in tournaments and matches. There is not the slightest attempt at any independent examination of Mr. Steinitz's theory of the value of the King as a playing piece, which, if sound, will revolutionise many methods of developing the game. Perhaps, however, the greatest omission of all is the absence of a section on openings at odds. The multitude of club handicaps throughout the country has made something in this direction a felt want, but the student looks in vain for its satisfaction here. The work, in fact, strives to fill a field already occupied, and shirks breaking fresh ground. It fails, therefore, in the very direction it had a splendid chance of success, and is only distinguished from its numerous predecessors by very admirable editing, to which, indeed, it is hard to do proper justice.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

OUR MONTHLY LOOK ROUND.

I have lately been perusing a most interesting account of the history of the cocoa-nut palm from the pen of Dr. John Short. The report is issued from the Government press at Madras, and is full of highly interesting details. The cocoa-nut palm is native to the East, and grows on the Indian and Ceylon coasts and in the Malay Archipelago. In the south-west of Ceylon, Dr. Short tells us, as many as twenty millions of these trees are found. The tree is found growing on many isolated islands, whither its nut, sea-borne and protected from the action of the water, has been conveyed by the waves. The tree itself is not at all chary of growing by the shore, since it is found in many places lapped by the waves. As respects altitude, this palm is found 3000 ft. above sea-level at Bangalore. Economically looked at, one may feel disposed to regard the cocoa-nut palm as representing in the East what the seal is to the Eskimo. It supplies sugar, starch, oil, wax, resin, and—*pace* the teetotalers—even strong drink to man. The "toddy" of the cocoa-nut (I wonder if it was a person from the north of the Tweed who gave it that name?) is really the sap of the tree. It is drawn from the flower, which is literally bled and mashed for its sap. When fresh, the toddy is pleasant to the taste; but when kept for a few hours it ferments, and then becomes intoxicating in its properties. Later on it can be distilled into spirits or vinegar. Bakers also use it in place of yeast.

The "toddy-drawer," it appears, is a person of great fame in the East, and is as dexterous as the brewer of that beverage in a Scottish hostelry. He has to climb the tree by aid of an ingenious rope-arrangement, and his task is described by Dr. Short as of a highly dangerous kind. "Cocoa-nut Day" occurs in India during the full moon of August. Then nuts are thrown into the sea as a votive-offering to the gods. A whole list of insect-enemies of the cocoa-nut palm are given; and even rats are credited with doing it much damage. In the Laccadives, rats destroy cocoa-nuts to a very great extent; and a rat hunt in these localities, judging from Dr. Short's description, must be rather a lively function. There might be rare sport, I imagine, for a pack of terriers at the Laccadives, seeing that the game is plentiful and the occasion promising—for the dogs, at least.

The "ever-present germ" has appeared in a new light. The fur of some of the sloth tribe has been noticed to exhibit a green tint, and, on examination, Madame Weber Von Bosse has discovered that several species of parasitic plants have taken up their abode in the fur of these animals, thus producing the colour in question. One species of these parasitic pests is of green colour, while others are of violet tint; and it is said that from 150,000 to 200,000 of them may live and flourish on a single hair. This is news, indeed, to find that the colour of the fur in an animal is due to the presence of microscopic plants.

Hibernation in many quadrupeds is a well-known fact of life, but its occurrence in birds is not so definitely known. *La Nature* tells us that M. Leroux lately exhibited before a French society of naturalists a living swallow which must be regarded as possessing a peculiar history. It seems that last October the bird was knocked down by the whip of a coachman, and, after being washed and wrapped up in cotton wadding by a child (under the idea, I presume, that it was dying or dead), the swallow was put by in a drawer and forgotten. The parcel was taken out of the drawer by mere accident a few days before M. Leroux narrated the incident, when the bird was found to be alive, but plunged in a deep lethargic sleep or state of coma. In the presence of the society the bird was awakened, and was duly set at liberty. For my own part, I think the naturalists might have allowed the bird to enjoy its slumber, by way of seeing how long the state of hibernation, if such it was, would have lasted. Assuming that the cause of the bird's sleep was not due to the injury it received, the event may serve to strengthen the opinion of those who believe in the winter slumber of many birds as explanatory of their mode of passing the colder months of the year. A belated swallow may, on this account, be regarded as capable, under certain circumstances, of passing the winter with us, in place of flying south with its migratory neighbours. There seems to be no doubt, at any rate, that many insects pass the winter in a state of torpidity, and the birds may, perchance, imitate their lower neighbours.

How far light penetrates into seas and lakes is a moot question in science. It is, however, one the solution of which is facilitated by certain experiments of a Swiss Commission lately appointed to investigate this subject in the lakes of Geneva and the Mediterranean Sea. Conclusions have been obtained showing that daylight penetrates into the lake of Geneva in September at 170 metres' depth (a metre is over 39 inches English measure), and probably a little beyond that limit; that at 120 metres the action of transmitted light is still strong; and that, curiously enough, in September, in dull weather, light penetrates more deeply and in greater abundance than in the fine weather of August. The diffused light of clouds apparently penetrates more deeply than the less oblique rays of the sun, although the density of the water has, of course, also to be taken into account. In the month of March light penetrates (in the middle of the day) with a bright sun to a depth of 400 metres in the Mediterranean Sea. In the lake the extreme limit of daylight action in winter is a little over 200 metres. Other experiments showed that in the sea the limit of light is about 400 metres in the middle of the day in April in fine weather; but it is added that the depth attained by the actinic rays in the sea after the sun's setting is remarkable.

Fairly accurate measurement of time is, of course, attained by stop-watches and chronographs; but the following account of time-measurement will prove interesting on account of the delicacy of the result attained:—A cylinder covered with paper is driven round by clockwork at the rate, say, of a turn per minute, and a point connected with a pendulum beating half-seconds divides the circumference into 120 equal spaces. Suppose that by pressing a key an electric current causes a pen to press against the paper. So long as the key is down a line is traced, and the length of it, measured by the half-second pricks, determines how long the key has been down. Usually the cylinder is also caused to move along its axis, so as to throw the two circles of pricks and lines into spirals. It is said that one-thousandth of a second can be estimated by this method.

ANDREW WILSON.

The Queen having expressed a wish to visit the Stuart Exhibition, it has been determined to keep it open for that purpose until April 13.

Mr. J. T. Gibson has presented £125 to Cavendish College, Cambridge, with a view to the foundation of an annual prize for the encouragement of the study of the Greek Testament amongst the undergraduates of the college.



## THE NEW BRIDGE AT BURTON-ON-TRENT.

The great brewing town, Burton-on-Trent, is situated in two counties, Staffordshire and Derbyshire, the river Trent forming the boundary at this point. The whole of the business part of the town is in Staffordshire, and the residential part on undulating ground at the other side of the river. At the extreme north end of the town the river is crossed by a fine stone bridge, erected by the Midland Railway Company in 1863. This replaced a bridge of thirty-four arches, built in the twelfth century, which was, until the introduction of railways, the longest and perhaps the narrowest cart bridge in the kingdom.

Nearly a mile higher up the river, at the extreme south end of the borough, the only connection between the two counties was by a ferry-boat punted across in the most primitive manner, without any chain or modern appliances. This ferry was maintained by the Abbot of Burton, previous to the dissolution of the monasteries; and the Marquis of Anglesey, the descendant of Sir William Paget, to whom the abbey lands were given, was obliged to maintain the bridge of Burton and the ferry to the neighbouring village of Stapenhill. The ferry, so far from being a tax, became a source of considerable profit, and his Lordship's rights respecting it have been recently purchased by the Corporation of Burton for £13,000.

Lord Burton, formerly known as Sir Arthur Bass, who represented the Eastern Division of Staffordshire, in the Liberal interest, from 1868 till 1885, has generously supplied a much-felt want, and has now connected the two counties by the handsome suspension-bridge of which we give an illustration. The Derbyshire side of the river is thus brought into direct communication with the breweries, shops, and railways of Burton, and the business part of the town is brought within easy reach of pleasant country lanes and rural walks.

The new bridge is built on the suspension principle, its distinctive feature being the chain, which is made of flat bar-iron, riveted to the ends of the main girders, which are continuous from one end of the bridge to the other, and not anchored down at the ends. This form of construction has not previously, so far as we are aware, been used in any European

bridge; and the engineers are indebted for the suggestion to Mr. Langley, engineer of the Midland Railway.

The river is crossed in three spans, the centre span being 115 ft., and the two side spans each 57 ft. in the clear; the total length of the bridge is 240 ft. The towers, over which the chain passes, are carried on four cylindrical piers, 5 ft. in diameter, and placed in pairs, 15 ft. apart, between their centres. These are sunk to a solid foundation, about 12 ft. below the bed of the river. The towers, which are of wrought-iron lattice-work, are 23 ft. 6 in. high, and are cased with ornamental cast-iron work, the bases bearing Lord Burton's arms and supporters, and his Lordship's motto, "Basis virtutum constantia." At the tops of the towers are rampant lions, his supporters, carrying staffs surmounted with gilded copper vases, with his monogram. The main girders are 6 ft. deep, and form the parapets. The junction of the lattice-bars is enriched with ornamental ironwork, and the top and bottom of the girders are cased with ornamental castings. The towers are tied together with lattice-girders cased in cast-iron, inscribed with the date of the erection of the bridge, 1889, and the inscription "The gift of Michael Arthur, first Baron Burton." The approach on the Staffordshire side of the river was originally an earthwork embankment; but representations having been made to Lord Burton that this might increase the risk of flooding the town, it was replaced by a light iron structure, carried on cast-iron columns.

The bridge was entirely designed and constructed by the firm of Thornhill and Warham, engineers, of Burton-on-Trent; the stone abutments were the work of Messrs. Lowe and Sons, contractors, of Burton. The cost of the whole of the work was borne by Lord Burton, who also purchased a plot of land to improve the approach on the Derbyshire side of the Trent. Lady Burton formally opened the bridge on April 3, and the principal inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood were entertained at a banquet given by his Lordship in St. Paul's Institute, a handsome building presented to the town a few years ago by his father, the late Mr. Michael Bass.

The City of London is about to commemorate in befitting manner the 700th anniversary of its Mayoralty.

## THE ROYAL NAVAL SCHOOL, GREENWICH.

Between Greenwich Hospital and Greenwich Park are the spacious grounds and the range of buildings occupied by the Royal Naval School, which is a nursery for our "future sailors"; and a conspicuous sign of their destination is the full-rigged model of a corvette's masts and spars and ropes, upon which, at certain times, the boys learn to clamber aloft. So long ago as 1712, in connection with the asylum for aged or disabled seamen of the Navy which was opened in 1705, a school was established for the children of pensioners or other poor seamen. In 1803 there were 200 boys and girls receiving education here. The Royal Naval Asylum, which maintained 680 boys and 200 girls, was amalgamated with this school in 1821; but great changes were effected, half a century later, in consequence of the report of a committee of inquiry; and it was then determined that the Royal Naval School should be devoted to preparing boys for the naval service. They now enter at the age of ten years, and remain until thirteen, when they must either become sailors or leave the school. They are instructed in the ordinary rudiments of a plain and simple education, and in some parts of seamanship, also in various industrial work, cooking, bread-making, washing, tailoring, and carpentry, doing much of the household work of the establishment, and repairing, if not making, their own clothes. They have a gymnasium, well fitted up, and a fine swimming-bath. The school is governed by a naval officer, and there is a chaplain, besides an efficient staff of teachers. The number of boys is nearly eleven hundred. The buildings present an extended front, consisting of the old "Queen's House" in the centre, which was begun, as an adjunct to Greenwich Palace, by Queen Anne of Denmark, and was finished by Queen Henrietta Maria, with two wings, united by a colonnade 180 ft. long; beyond this is seen the rising ground of Greenwich Park, with the Royal Observatory on the hill.

One of the two drawings we publish this week shows the boys' band returning from church, after Sunday morning service. While the boys file into church, the band remains outside, playing very well, and goes in last. After church,



NEW BRIDGE AT BURTON-ON-TRENT.

the band again forms up outside, till all the others have come out and are standing under the colonnade ready to march. The youthful drum-major then raises his staff; and, headed by the band, they all return to their quarters and their dinner.

Our second illustration shows the boys on what is called the "swinging-model," being a model of a full-rigged ship, fitted with a large double steering-wheel, which, by being pulled over, causes her to swing round on the circular rail seen on the floor. On the walls of the room the points of the compass are marked, so that, on an order being given by the Instructor to head the ship in any given direction, the four boys at the wheel make her turn to that point. Nine other boys, sitting on the deck, trim the sails according to the supposed direction of the wind; and thus they learn to tack and wear ship, and to be thoroughly conversant with nautical manoeuvres before actually going to sea.

## NOVELS.

*Neighbours on the Green.* By Mrs. Oliphant. Three vols. (Macmillan and Co.).—A distinguished literary critic, Mr. Andrew Lang, remarked the other day that English novelists cannot or do not write good short stories. Mrs. Oliphant, the best of our novelists at this day living—a woman of genius and of wide and various learning, with a range of intellectual and spiritual sympathies as great as that of George Eliot—gives us in these volumes nine short stories, every one of which is good. Their freshness of conception, the unforced vivacity of the narrative, the harmony of tone, the vigour, ease, and simplicity of style—above all, the cordial feeling of personal interest, which she infuses into so many fictitious characters and events, are wonderful in an author with such a long list of preceding works. "Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety." While several current magazines—*Blackwood's*, we observe, without intermission—are supplied by her with monthly instalments of those extended full-length novels, which afterwards find ready acceptance in two or three volumes of independent reprint, she can afford to throw into a bundle of little tales such as these the same imaginative power, the same delicate play of feminine humour, the same abounding sympathy with men, women, and children, the same just, truthful, and kindly regard for human affections in the most varied situations of domestic and social life. That Mrs. Oliphant is also the author of religious prose-poems, which are scarcely surpassed in poetic beauty and sublimity—of important biographical, historical, and critical works, proving her accurate scholarship and diligent research, which hold their place in standard literature—makes this fertility of her invention as a novelist the more surprising. "Neighbours

on the Green," if it were the first publication of a new writer, instead of coming from the hand that wrote "Salem Chapel" just about forty years ago, would be judged by competent critics worthy to gain an assured literary reputation; but that she has possessed as long as most readers of this generation can remember. It is desirable, however, to give some account of the plan and subjects of these charming tales. All of them, except the last, which does not belong to the group indicated by the title, though it is of similar tone and character, are supposed to be related by an elderly widow lady, Mrs. Mulgrave, residing at Dinglefield Green, close to Windsor Park. Englefield Green is the real place described, of course; but it is quite evident that all the families stated to have been living at Dinglefield Green are purely imaginary, and that all the affairs here narrated belong to the domain of fancy. Mrs. Mulgrave is on terms of friendly intercourse with almost every respectable inhabitant of the village; they are mostly sociable folk, and those who can afford it are hospitable; there are frequent dinner-parties, evening parties, afternoon teas, and meetings for croquet or lawn-tennis; and the ladies run into each other's houses, at any hour of the morning or evening, in an unceremonious manner. Being free from family cares, and patiently receiving the confidences privately entrusted to her, though she discourages gossip and scandal, Mrs. Mulgrave, who has equal benevolence and discretion, learns the family secrets of eight different households. Some of these are rather open secrets to the constant visitors of the family; but others involve a mystery of past years, an ancient wrong deeply lamented, a quarrel and fatal estrangement, or a grievous sin followed by long repentance, the effects of which are seen, and partly redressed, in the final incidents under her direct observation. Most of these people have some pretensions to gentility; but some are rich, others comparatively poor, and they are more or less acquainted with each other, though all do not exchange visits. Admiral Fortis and his two daughters; old Sir Thomas and old Lady Denzil; Mr. Harry Gresham, the young stockbroker, and his wife, whose sumptuous establishment collapses in financial disgrace; Mr. Reinhardt, the recluse and eccentric student of science, pursued by a wanton and dissolute wife he had wedded for her beauty and cast off for her misconduct; Lady Isabella Morton, cherishing a painful attachment to the lover whom she discarded in a fit of temper many years before; General Stamford, the energetic associate of London railway promoters, with his elderly sister Ursula, who gets an astonishing offer of marriage from an aged millionaire; and Mrs. Merridew, the wife of a struggling barrister with ten children, conscientiously refusing a bequest of £500 a year from an old bachelor admirer, who unjustly failed to provide for his

own mother and sister—these persons might be classed in the local society, which is sufficiently careful of outward distinctions. Jane Aikin, on the other hand, as the pretty daughter of the hostess of that well-managed village inn, the Barley Mow, would only come within notice as the protégée of old Mrs. Mowbray, who is, though very poor, of the noblest ancestry and connected with names high in the Peerage. The tale of most powerful interest is that of old Lady Denzil, the aged wife of a baronet who treats her with exquisite consideration, and by the dainty refinement of her tastes and manners apparently worthy of the highest rank. Only she and Sir Thomas are aware of the fact that she was once the low-born widow of a common soldier, and that on her second marriage she handed over to the care of others her only child, whom she never saw again; this boy, now a soldier, has got into prison for a military offence, and his child, a lovely little girl, has been privately brought to the old lady, who is passionately fond of her grandchild. But the child's mother, a coarse, bold, violent woman of low habits, who has been a curse to her husband, discovering where the little one is, comes to the house, publicly insults Lady Denzil, and contrives to steal the child; this woman, a desperate drunkard, presently dying in the slums of London, the child is restored. The opening story, too, that of Nelly Fortis and her lover, a young naval officer, who mistook between the names of Nelly and her sister Martha, so that his letter, asking her hand, was ignorantly misappropriated by Martha, causing much distress in his absence during several months, but which was finally relieved by Martha preferring another suitor, is calculated to engage the sympathies of womanhood. We have indicated the crisis in the fortunes of "The Stockbroker at Dinglewood," a tale perhaps of less originality than the others, but very well told. That of "Lady Isabella" is a fine study of feminine character; and "An Elderly Romance," the affair of Miss Ursula Stamford, aged fifty-seven, with Mr. Oakley, the great rich contractor, who is sixty-five and will take no denial, is an excellent comedy. But Dinglefield must be a marvellous village, if the ladies of a simple plain household could prepare for a dinner-party of twenty guests at such short notice in the morning of the same day! The last story, "My Faithful Johnny," is related not by Mrs. Mulgrave, but by another lady of similar kindly disposition, who lived in a London suburb, and there witnessed the course of a very long engagement between John Ridgway, clerk in a merchant's office, and Ellen Harwood, a good girl teaching music lessons, with a tyrannical invalid father and wrong-headed mother forbidding her to marry. After a wasted youth and severe trials of fidelity, they are made happy in the end.



THE ROYAL NAVAL SCHOOL, GREENWICH.

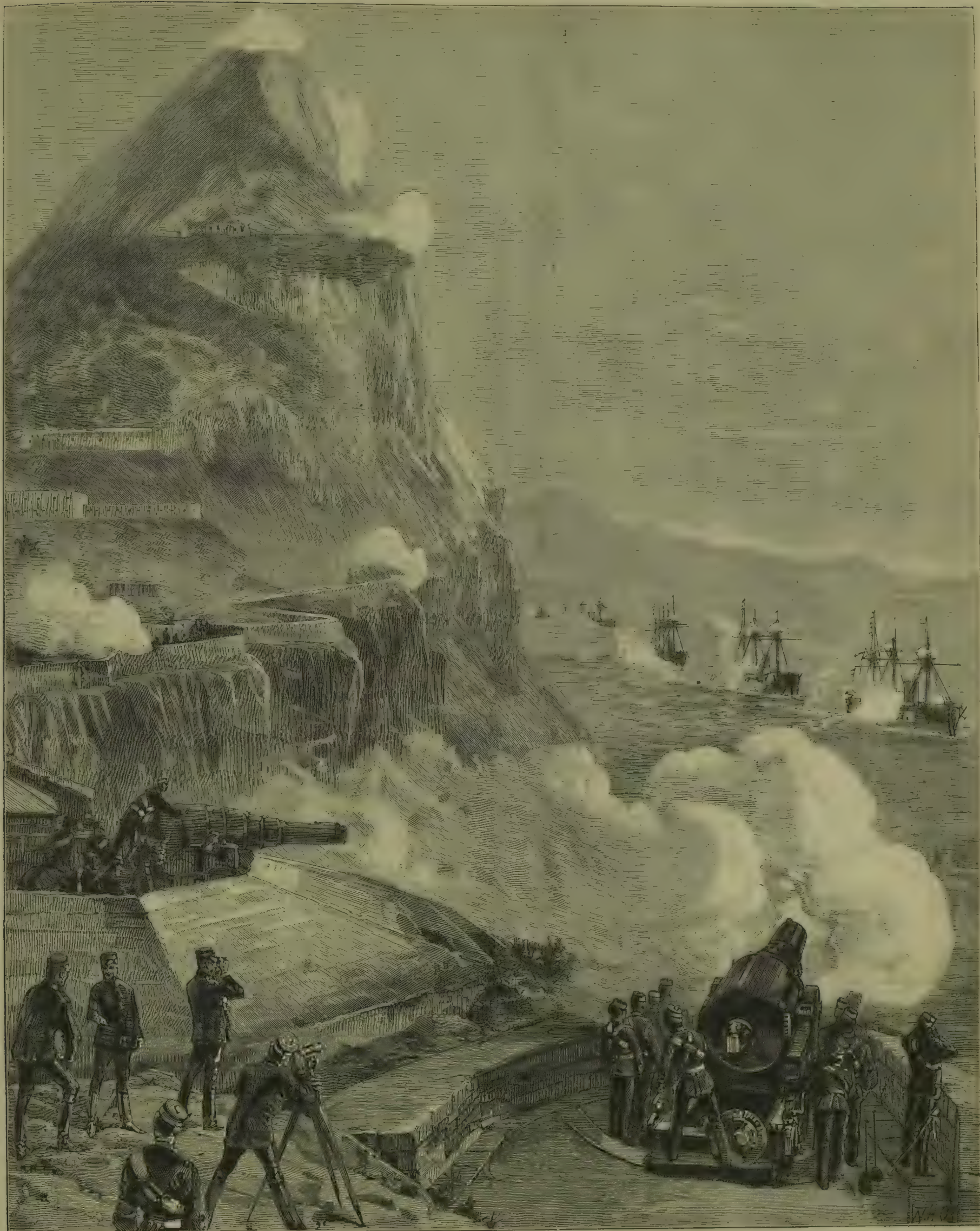


THE BAND OF THE BOYS COMING OUT OF CHURCH.



THE SWINGING MODEL.





THE DEFENCE OF GIBRALTAR: COMBINED NAVAL AND MILITARY OPERATIONS, MARCH 13.

On Wednesday, March 13, a novel and interesting series of operations was carried out at Gibraltar, with a view to test the promptitude with which the garrison of the famous Rock could turn out to resist a sudden attack by a powerful iron-clad fleet. The supposed enemy was represented by the Channel Squadron, under the command of Vice-Admiral Baird, and consisting of H.M.S. Northumberland (flag-ship), the Agincourt, Monarch, Iron Duke, and Curlew. The "general idea" of the operations was that a hostile fleet was known to be cruising in the vicinity, and that an attack on the Rock might be made. The squadron left Gibraltar on Friday, March 8, and proceeded to the westward, returning to the eastward through the Straits under cover of the night.

The Governor of Gibraltar, General the Hon. Sir Arthur Hardinge, issued orders for the whole garrison to stand to their arms at dawn, on March 13 and subsequent days, until

the attack should be made; but by his express command no batteries were to be manned, or any troops moved from their alarm posts, until the signal was given that an attack was imminent. The alarm signal ordered was that of three guns fired in rapid succession from the Upper Signal-Station on the summit of the Rock, to be followed, after a short pause, by two more shots. It was a matter of complete uncertainty as to the direction from which the attack would be made.

Every detail was carefully carried out, as if the impending attack was a real affair. The telegraphic communication between the various parts of the Rock was supplemented by signallers; arrangements were made for the ready supply of reserve ammunition for all arms; and the medical authorities established dressing stations, at numerous points of the Rock, to render "first aid" to those who might chance to be numbered amongst the "wounded." Day broke on Wednesday,

the 13th, with a "Levanter," and the heavy clouds hanging about rendered any distant view a matter of difficulty. However, before it had become actually daylight the alarm guns gave notice that the enemy had been sighted. The troops turned out with great promptitude, being all at their assigned stations in less than a quarter of an hour, and were shortly ordered to various points commanding the east side of the Rock. As day broke, the hostile ships were to be discerned steaming in single line ahead, from the north-east, along the back of the Rock, and about 5000 yards from it. The flag-ship, followed by the Monarch and the Agincourt, proceeded towards Europa Point, whilst the Iron Duke and the Curlew stood close in to the eastern beach, so as to engage the northern defences of the fortress. The first shot was fired by the flag-ship, shortly before six o'clock in the morning, at the southern defences. It was replied to, in less than three

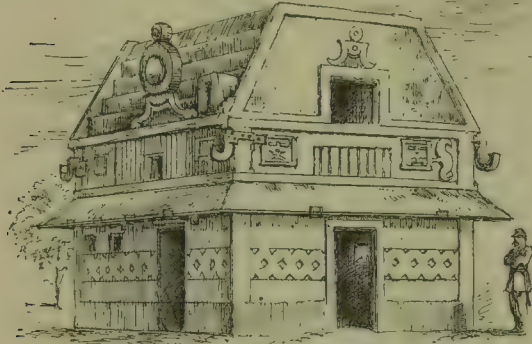


minutes, by the Europa batteries, and very shortly the engagement became general. The plan of tactics employed by the squadron was that of steaming rapidly up and down, and concentrating their fire in turn on the various shore batteries. Later on, the whole squadron assembled off Europa Point, and fired broadsides by electricity as they steamed past at speed. The spectacle at this moment was a very fine one, the roar of the heavy guns of the ships being supplemented by the sharp, rapid report of the quick-firing guns, which were supposed to be sending a storm of small shell amongst the defenders of the Rock. The incessant rattle of the ships' machine-guns was also heard in the intervals between the thundering broadsides of heavy ordnance. All the ships were, of course, cleared for action, with topmasts and yards sent down, and it is needless to say they looked exceedingly workmanlike and formidable.

The various batteries on the Rock replied with great vivacity, and the general effect produced as gun after gun was brought to bear on the ships, and the white smoke wreathed itself round the many crags and precipices of the grim old Rock, was a sight long to be remembered. The exercise afforded to both branches of the service was undoubtedly most instructive. Our illustration is a sketch by Captain Willoughby Verner from one of the batteries above the Europa Flats, at which point the Governor took up his position to watch the operations.

## THE PARIS INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

The buildings in the Champ de Mars and at the Trocadéro, for the great Paris Exhibition of this year, were partly described



AN AZTEC HOUSE.

DWELLINGS OF ALL NATIONS, PARIS EXHIBITION.

in our last. We referred also to the comprehensive series of model houses, on the Quai d'Orsay, designed by M. Charles Garnier, architect of the Paris Grand Opera-House, to illustrate the dwellings of all nations and countries and ages of mankind—a special subject of study with French archaeologists and historians of art. The model of an Aztec house in Mexico or Central America is an example of this series. There will also be a "Gallery of the Countries of the Sun," presenting views in different cities and towns of the South and East, among which is that of a street in Cairo. One of the special establishments for persons officially attending the Exhibition is the Press Pavilion, which is commodiously and handsomely fitted up. The workshops of different kinds are numerous and busy; and the bewildering variety of labours now going on in the vast precincts of the Exhibition will, by a perfect organisation, have achieved its result by the time appointed for opening this marvellous show of the collective results of human skill. Some doubts have, indeed, arisen with regard to the Fine-Art Galleries; and it is proposed to defer the opening of the picture-galleries until June 1; but this has not yet been decided.

## ART EXHIBITIONS.

The thirty-fourth annual exhibition of the Society of Lady Artists (Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly) shows a marked advance on many of its predecessors and, especially among the water-colours, includes many very promising works. The society has done much in bygone years in bringing into notice ladies who have since acquired distinction in exhibitions open to both sexes. It adds, moreover, to the interest of the display to find that many of those who have acquired a wider reputation continue to support the society. Miss Louise Rayner's street-scenes are always painted with delicacy and a nice sense of colour. In such works as "Oriental-Street, Oxford" (3), "Union-Street, Cambridge" (60), and "The North Choir of Canterbury Cathedral" (446) she shows a sympathetic appreciation of these picturesque spots. Her namesake, Miss Margaret Rayner, is more attached to ecclesiastical architecture, and succeeds well in her rendering of "Tewkesbury Abbey" (37), "Holy Trinity, York" (97), and other similar works. Miss Ellen Bowyer has a very refined sense of landscape and colour, as shown in her wayside study, "At Tenby" (10), and still more in that of "Winter Woodlands" (52). Mrs. Marrable sends some pleasant reminiscences of the Riviera; but the scene of her most successful work is laid on a backwater of the Thames, near Thames Ditton (153), in which the foliage of the wide-spreading cedar tree is very good, although the lines of the landscape are somewhat hard. Of Miss Seymour's pastels, "The Bel Alp" (173) and "The Mountains above Grindelwald" (95), we can speak with the highest praise. She has succeeded in catching the fleeting colours on the distant peaks with great skill, and the pictures in each case show to what perfection pastel-work may be brought in competent hands. Miss Helen O'Hara repeats her studies of breaking waves and strong seas with considerable effect; but we should be glad to see her try her hand upon fresh themes, for the little bit of landscape, "Spring at Abbayeix" (96), shows that she has a very delicate sense of the beauties of sylvan scenery. Amongst other successful works in water-colours we should mention Miss Rose Chandler's "Fungi" (74), Mrs. Paul Naftel's "Harbour at Serk" (73), "Morning" (444), and others; Miss Maude Naftel's charming "Farmyard Corner" (483), Miss Freeman Kempson's "Isle of Arran" (26), Miss Mildred Butler's "Phebe by the Stream" (107), Miss Fairman's "Sheep Dog" (134), Miss Eley's "Dark Sister" (154), Miss Margaret Ravenhill's little vignettes (375), Miss Middleton's "Elgeyburg Castle" (386), and Miss Gilchrist's "Glen Ennich" (355). In oils the most conspicuous and in some ways most attractive is Miss M. S. Kindon's "Free Seats"

(345), a group of people against the whitewashed wall of a village church. It is a little morbid in sentiment and black in tone; but it contains good work and sentiment. Miss Osborn's "Algerian Mirror" (255), a fountain embowered among trees and flowers, is a very striking work—rich in colour and firm in execution—very different in feeling to that she displays in her "Sunset on the Bure" (229) and "Norfolk Wherries" (219), under the paler sky of East Anglia. Miss Henrietta Rae (now Mrs. Normand) sends a fine head of a fair-haired girl, "Sylvia" (248), which is among the best things in the room. We ought also to



STREET IN CAIRO.

GALLERY OF THE COUNTRIES OF THE SUN, PARIS EXHIBITION.

mention Miss Lizzie Watt's "Dreams" (252), Miss F. Moody's "Defence, not Defiance" (240) and "I Hope I Don't Intrude" (236), episodes of cat and dog life; Miss Bertha Newcome's "Lancashire Garden" (231); Miss Ella Casella sends one of her clever coloured wax medallions (421), in which she reproduces not only faces but costumes of bygone days in a very remarkable manner; and last, but by no means least, we especially commend to notice Mrs. Kate Perugini's miniature portrait of Miss Molly Hare (422), in which the simplicity of childhood is rendered with a sympathy which should arouse amongst mothers a desire for such reminiscences of their children.

At Messrs. Tooth and Sons' galleries (5 and 6, Haymarket)



ONE OF THE WORKSHOPS, PARIS EXHIBITION.

the spring exhibition shows the effect of healthy competition, for the managers have evidently exerted themselves to make as good a display as their neighbours. Four works by Meissonier might alone suffice to attract the picture-loving public; but although the brilliant officer "In Command" (22) of a gallant array of pikemen, and the cheery old postillion (18), stopping for a glass of wine at the village cabaret, are in themselves worthy of a visit, the attractions neither begin nor end with these works. Amongst the foreign works especially noteworthy are Fortuné's "Jardin du Poète" (125), a wonderful combination of colour and fanciful thought; Conrad Kiesel's "Siesta" (52), an elaborately-finished decorative work

representing the inside of an Eastern harem; Benlliure's "Spanish Posada" (104), of smaller size than the ordinary works of this artist, and far more subdued in colour; and E. De Blaas' "Fête Day at Murano" (3), quite the most brilliant and refined of his recent compositions. To these should be added Herr Jochmus, an entirely new name, who contributes a broadly-painted and in some ways brilliant rendering of the "Early Days of Vandyke" (8), learning the first elements of painting under the guidance of an imposing teacher, who may have been his father. It is in this figure that we have the best of Herr Jochmus's work, which is that of the modern Munich school. Among the English artists who show advantageously in Messrs. Tooth's gallery, Mr. David Farquharson deserves a high place: the landscapes "Strathgait" (81), "Aberdeen Harbour" (119), and "Berwick-on-Tweed" (94) display qualities of which he has, so far, kept us in ignorance. His sense of colour and atmosphere is delicate, and he bows to no conventional method, striving to follow Nature in her ever-changing moods. The view of the broad bright strath of the Tay is especially noteworthy. Mr. F. D. Millet's "Tender Chord" (73) has been played upon rather frequently; but one can never fail to admire the refined colouring of all this artist's work. Mr. Frank Holl's "Watching" (85) is rather morbid in sentiment and over-dark in colour; but it was in this school that he won his fame. Among the other pictures worthy of notice are K. Heffner's "Silent Waters" (108), W.



PAVILION OF THE PRESS, PARIS EXHIBITION.

Bouguereau's "Sylvan Simplicity" (64), and some clever sporting scenes by T. Blinks—full of colour and movement.

The exhibition of Mr. Donkin's photographs now on view at the Gainsborough Gallery (25, Old Bond-street) will be more attractive to the Alpine climber than to the artist. Mr. Donkin, whose terrible fate in the Caucasus last summer we can only surmise, was a man of many attainments; and, amongst other distinctions, he may be said to have carried photography to its highest point. At the same time, as mere works of art, the results he obtained cannot reasonably be compared with those of men—amateurs and professionals—who worked on more ordinary levels. Mr. Donkin carried his apparatus with him wherever he went, and almost without pausing would catch a peak, or a glacier ridge, and trust to his skill to develop it into a striking picture. Sometimes, as in the series of views of "Mont Blanc from the Dent du Géant" (145), and from the "Aiguille du Midi" (284, &c.), he was singularly successful; and on other occasions he was content with bringing away from the lofty summits he had scaled reminiscences and impressions of the surrounding peaks, by the help of which many less hardy mountaineers may obtain an insight into the meaning and beauties of the "Higher" Alps. Amongst other views which are very noticeable are those of the Matterhorn from all sides, the view down the Zermatt glacier, the beautiful panorama from the Hörnli—known to many less adventurous climbers. Mr. Donkin's photographs of the Caucasus are, unfortunately, few in number; but they are of great interest and beauty. From them we gather that the scenery of that district, although on a more stupendous scale than that of the Swiss Alps, is far more broken up by tracts of comparatively low and cultivated ground. The large glaciers and snowfields of Switzerland and the Tyrol are not to be met with again until we get to the Himalayas.

The little collection of water-colour drawings by Mr. F. G. Coleridge, now on view at the Fine-Arts Society's Rooms (148, New Bond-street), are bright and pleasant reminiscences of a summer on the Thames. The stretch of the river between Sonning and Henley can boast of more diversified scenery than any other half-dozen miles of our national waterway, and Captain Coleridge is evidently familiar with its tributaries the Loddon and the Wye, too seldom explored by those who hasten from Caversham to Shiplake Lock. In the "Sunset near Wargrave" (52), and the rich foliage of "Bo'ney Island" (49), the home of the Thames water-lilies, Mr. Coleridge shows great delicacy of touch and poetic sense. His works, however, do not gain by being brought together, and he would consult his interest better by scattering them through general exhibitions, where they would gain by contrast with the careless slipshod work which too often finds a place on the walls of galleries supposed to be most difficult of access by outsiders. There is an evenness about Mr. Coleridge's work which, when seen at intervals, is delightful; but it makes too great a strain on the eye when repeated through fifty sketches. Besides the works already mentioned, the view of "Isleworth" (6), and that of the "Thames above Sonning" (18), are good specimens of Mr. Coleridge's powers. The view of "Norham Castle" (9) fails to render the grander features of the great Border ruin; and in the attempt to catch the bolder side of "Welsh Mountain Scenery" (11) the artist is obviously not so much in sympathy with his subject as on the flowering banks and amid the rich foliage of the Thames.

A large and representative meeting of publishers and book-sellers in London and Westminster was held at Stationers' Hall on March 29, for the purpose of considering the new classification of merchandise traffic and the schedule of rates and charges proposed by the railway companies. A committee was appointed to inquire into the whole subject, and report to an adjourned meeting.

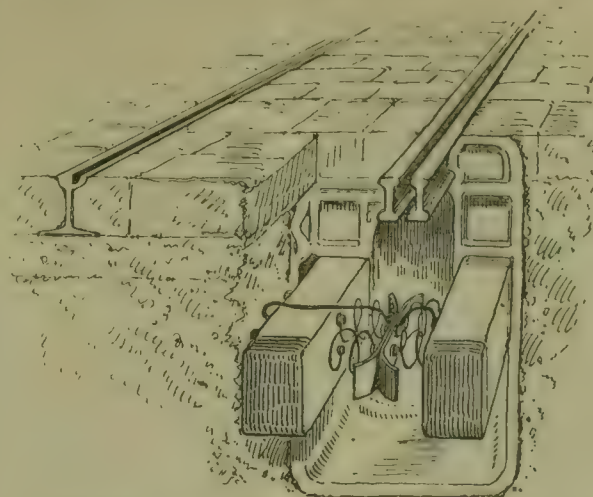


## ELECTRIC TRAM-CARS: THE "SERIES" SYSTEM.

The first electric tram-line in Europe, on the "Series" system, has been opened for public inspection at Northfleet, with every indication of great success. The various experiments which have been carried on during the past few years, with the view of applying electricity as a motive power, have been closely watched by tramway companies; but, up to the present time, the success attending them has not been sufficient to warrant the desired change. It has, however, been apparent for some considerable time that, should a mechanical system present itself which possessed all the advantages of horse traction, without its disadvantages, working at even the same cost, tramway companies would eagerly adopt it.

The "Series" system, now introduced by the "Series" Electrical Traction Syndicate, is so called because the current, generated at a central station, is sent through the line, is taken up by the cars as they run along, and passes through each car before returning to the station; thus obviating the necessity of a heavy and costly conductor, which renders the "parallel" system (the only other method of electrical distribution from a central station) too expensive to be employed on even a moderately large scale. The permanent way at Northfleet consists of two rails: one being exactly similar to those ordinarily in use; the other having a slot in the centre,  $\frac{1}{4}$  of an inch wide, which leads into a continuous conduit, some 13 in. deep, and 8 or 9 in. wide. In this conduit are placed, at intervals of 21 ft., and connected with each other by means of a copper conductor, what are termed "spring jacks," an arrangement consisting of two circular arcs of gun-metal, which present their convexities to each other, and are well insulated by

earthenware rests, holding them well above the bottom of the conduit, but which are in their normal state pressed close to each other.



Isometrical view through Spring Jack Chamber

The cars have, outwardly, a similar appearance to an ordinary street-car; and, as used at Northfleet, are constructed to carry twenty passengers—ten on either side. At the bottom of the

car is fixed a "current-collector," by means of which the electricity is taken up and sent through the motor, which is also carried by the car. This current-collector, which consists of a double sheet of india-rubber, on each side of which is firmly fastened a strip of copper extending, horizontally, the whole length of the car, passes through the slot, and, meeting with the spring-jacks, immediately separates them, and gathers the current, which is thus conveyed to the motor. The current circulates round the motor, and, being converted into mechanical force, acting on the axle of the wheel, the car is propelled. Leaving the motor, the current passes, by a corresponding arrangement, to the copper strip on the other side of the collector, and finally returns to the dynamo along the other conductor. The whole of this action takes place on the other cars ahead, as they move onwards, those at the rear getting out of circuit in turn until the same series of circuits is recommenced.

The line at Northfleet presents many difficulties, such as a heavy gradient of 1 in 32, and some sharp curves; but the cars have performed their many journeys without the slightest mishap. The speed, which is limited by the Board of Trade to six miles an hour, is regulated by means of a switch on the car; and the break, which is formed by reversing the current through the motor, will, if necessary, bring up the car within its own length. It is stated that the cost of working of the new system is about threepence per car-mile, or less than half the cost of horse-power.

Representatives of important tramway companies throughout the Kingdom have visited the line at Northfleet; and the demonstration they witnessed is likely to result in a complete revolution of the present means of propulsion. Not only did they express themselves as satisfied with the important



ELECTRIC TRAMWAY AT NORTHFLEET.

advance made in electrical traction; but they were delighted at the prospect of its speedily displacing the horse, with the attendant evils and sufferings.

The directors of the "Series" Company, which has so bright a future before it, are Mr. Carl Von Buch (chairman); the Earl of Crawford; Sir George Sitwell, Bart.; the Hon. Reginald Brougham; Mr. Henry Foote; and Mr. James P. Hurst.

## PORTRAIT MINIATURES AT THE BURLINGTON FINE-ARTS CLUB.

The exhibition of portrait miniatures at the Burlington Fine-Arts Club (Savile-row) bids fair to be one of the most attractive displays of the season; whilst, thanks to the energy and taste of the committee, it is, perhaps, the most complete collection of miniature-paintings brought together in this or any other capital. It would be impossible within the space at our disposal to give even a faint idea of the treasures contained in the forty and more cases in which upwards of two thousand specimens are arranged. It must suffice to say that the whole period of miniature-painting, from Holbein to the death of Cosway (1821), is illustrated by specimens of all schools. One or two works, indeed, claim a higher antiquity—as, for example, the Mother and Child (Case III., No. 45), in gold leaf, on glass, attributed to the third century, and found in the ruins of Tivoli. It is now the property of Sir Charles Dilke, whose grandfather purchased it at the Strawberry-Hill sale in 1842. Still more interesting as a work of art is Mr. J. P. Heseltine's group of the Doge Andrea Vendramino, and his Secretary receiving the Pope's Legate (Frame 13). This gem, which is in truth a complete historical picture, is attributed to John Bellini, and represents, in half length, the three personages in a sort of loggia, with an open background. Over the steps of the balustrade is thrown a richly-embroidered carpet, all the details of which are as carefully worked out as if in an illuminated missal. But for general students the art of miniature-painting in this country dates

from Holbein's time, for the works of Leuke Horneboutte or Lucas Hornebolt, who is thought by some to have been Holbein's master in the art, are not represented. It may, however, convey a better idea of the contents of the exhibition if, instead of following up each school of miniature-painters separately, we summarise briefly the contents of one or two of the cases. In the first of them, which is devoted to no special period or country, the portrait of Sir William Hamilton (10); Mrs. Siddons, by Cosway (14); Mrs. Avery Hatch, by G. Engleheart (20); "Pamela," otherwise Lady Edward Fitzgerald, by Maris (37); Richard Cromwell, by S. Cooper (38), and an enamel of Madame De La Vallière (63) in the dress of the Carmelite Order, are a few among the most noteworthy exhibits. Case II. contains loans, chiefly from the collections of the Duke of Buccleuch and Baroness Burdett-Coutts—the former dealing with personages of the Elizabethan period, whilst the latter sends some Stuart and French portraits, amongst which, that of Henry, Prince of Wales (40), the eldest son of James I., is the most striking. We ought not to pass by without notice a very remarkable portrait of Napoleon I., by Parent, taken in 1815, showing the effect of care and anxiety; and a bright portrait of the "Beautiful Molly Lepel" (31). Case III. contains a miscellaneous collection lent by the Earl of Dartrey and Sir Charles Dilke. The Madame De Savigny (16), by Petitot, and Sir Philip Sidney (41), beautiful as they are, are thrown into the shade by Isaac Oliver's wonderful portrait of Frances Howard, Countess of Essex (46), lent by the Earl of Derby. Case IV. may be described as the Duke of Devonshire's contribution to the social and political history of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and includes a very remarkable portrait of Oliver Cromwell (18), by S. Cooper, which seems to give the note to all other portraits of the Lord Protector. There is also his portrait in profile (59) in this case, by the same artist, which, although a slighter, is not a less interesting work. Mr. Jeffery Whitehead, who is a very liberal lender, divides his English from his foreign series, to the very great help and comfort of the student. Among the former (Case V.) Anne, Countess

of Charlemont (12), by J. Comerford, and Miss Mary Macleod (4), by A. Robertson, are the most attractive of the ladies. Amongst the foreigners in Case VI., Marie Louise (5), the wife of Charles II. of Spain, makes the infidelity of her husband intelligible, if not excusable. Of the daughters of the Regent Philippe d'Orléans, Louise Adelaide (32) had a face full of wit and fun, which would seemingly be out of place in the "Abbesse de Chelles." The next case (VII.) is wholly devoted to French celebrities, foremost among whom is Madame Du Deffand (5), in her library. Case VIII., however, dealing with the French Revolutionary and Empire periods, is still more interesting, exhibiting contemporary portraits of Mirabeau (1), Robespierre (4), Tallien (5), Necker (9), Madame De Staël (16), and all the family of Buonaparte, of whom, after Napoleon (31), the best looking was his sister Pauline (35), Princesse de Borghese. Mr. Whitehead's contributions are almost inexhaustible, for he is able to fill another case with miniatures of the Stuart period; and there are four more with celebrities of the Georgian, and to these he adds a very remarkable collection of oil miniatures, which under the Academic, or, at least, Mr. Redgrave's, definition would not have been classed as miniatures at all. The Duke of Portland, Lord Spencer, Lord Rosebery, and Sir William Drake also contribute liberally; but none of these can vie with Mr. J. L. Propert, who, in addition to a fine collection of oil miniatures of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, has lent his almost unrivalled collection of water-colour miniatures of English and foreign schools. To Mr. Propert also is due the valuable survey of miniature-painting prefixed to the sumptuous catalogue prepared at the expense of the Burlington Fine-Arts Club. It will remain as a permanent and valuable contribution to the history of this branch of art; and the thanks of all who are interested in such work are due to the author and his colleagues. Although not nominally a public exhibition, the facilities given by the club for inspecting this unique collection are so great that no lover of art should miss the opportunity of inspecting so magnificent an assemblage of miniatures.



## A SPRING IDYLL.

Violets are lifting up their purple beauty among the fresh young grass of the hedgerows, in the mossy corners of the coppices, on the sunny slopes of old orchards. By the wayside in leafy lanes—not leafy yet, indeed, but already putting forth the promise of future leafiness—they tinge the air, so to speak, with a delicate feeling of perfume. I know of a certain quiet nook—by a mill-lade which has long since ceased to flow—where some tall elms and smooth-timbered beeches form a kind of sylvan bower—that is quite a haunt of violets; they grow there in such thick, luxuriant clumps that, bending over them, they almost intoxicate you with the exquisite subtlety of their sweet odour. Surely it is a Divine benediction that flowers of this marvellous sweetness should be found in such abundance; so that the poor man in his squalid room may create with them an atmosphere of fragrance which—to use the language of penny fiction—no “gilded chambers” may surpass. And I hold it to be something, also, to be thankful for, that Shakspeare has placed them in the high spheres of his imagination; has consecrated them by the touch of his genius, like to a priest's hands; has for ever immortalised them as “Sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes, or Cytherea's breath”—the loveliest comparison, I think, in all English poetry.

Now, in this early flush of spring, the daisy is also with us, sprinkling the greensward everywhere with crimson-tipt plumes—in London squares and rural pastures, in Surrey valleys and on Scottish braes—such a wanderer that, as an old writer suggests, it must have been one of the first flowers to stray and grow outside the angel-guarded borders of Paradise. As yet the primrose, except in a few favoured places, has not begun to gladden the hearts of young men and maidens; but the cardamine and the coltsfoot are all aglow in “moist meadows”; the Star of Bethlehem glints along the banks of our lanes and fields; and the morning sunshine, as by a natural alchemy, transforms into gold the tiny bosses of the kingcup and the celandine. The fanlike leaves of the wild parsley are budding in sheltered ditches; the whorls of the woodruff obey the call of universal nature; and the germander speedwell, which looks as if its tiny blossoms had been made out of bits of celestial azure, smiles on the passing wayfarer with a kindly eye. Later in the month, as March falls softly into the lap of April, you will find the frail anemones blowing in woody avenues, under the shade of melancholy boughs—where the brisk-footed wind, as it hurries by, rudely turns their reddish-purple sheen outside to the light, and then tossing them back with a fine free carelessness, reveals the rare lilac tint of their inner petals.

Perhaps the daffodil may dispute with the violet the honour of being the flower of March. Its tall, pliant stalk, and its nodding crown of bright yellow are very fair to see—a Lenten lily, more glorious than Solomon in the splendour of its slow unfolding bloom. A traditional tenant of the English cottager's garden, like the rose and the rosemary, the clove-pink and the gilliflower, the “daffy-down-dilly” of the children accommodates itself to all sorts and conditions of soil and habitat; springing up at the foot of box-edges in neglected arbours and unpleached alleys, or among the roots of venerable yew-trees; bending over nameless graves in far-away village churchyards; shining in odd corners of forsaken terraces; or “beside the lake, beneath the trees, fluttering and dancing in the breeze.” This, too, like the violet and the primrose, is woven into the poets' wreath. Jean Ingelow, in her “Persephone,” represents it as the flower for love of which the fair

daughter of Ceres, when playing in the balmy fields of Enna, wandered from her companions into the arms of “gloomy Dis.” Here the poetess seems to be continuing the mythology of Shakspeare, who names the daffodil among the flowers let fall by Proserpina from “Dis's waggon.” It comes before the swallow dares, and takes the winds of March with beauty—a sign of hope and buoyancy and gladness. Yet, to the half-Pagan author of “The Hesperides,” it could suggest only one of these dainty lyrical laments in which he loved to make the brevity of human life his melancholy theme. We have, he sings, as short a time to live; our growth is as quick to meet decay; we die even as the few hours of the daffodil die, and pass away “ne'er to be found again.” Methinks the flower of spring might have inspired Herrick with a cheerfuller strain—and a nobler moral.

It is by the voices of its birds, however, rather than by the bloom of its flowers, that we know and feel the blessed presence of the spring. As they flit to and fro in various courses the air grows musical with their unaffected songs. Loud and blithe from yonder copse ring the trumpetlike tones of the missel-thrush; as the blackbird darts in and out among the hollies, he pipes, full and rich and clear, his morning anthem. The lintie, fluttering past on graceful wings, drops a golden shower of soft sweet notes. The goldfinch hums and hovers in the plantation; the ring-doves coo from their nests among the birches; and the blackcap, swinging on a branch which catches the earliest sunshine, bursts into a lyrical rapture scarce inferior to the nightingale's, so rejoicing in it that his tiny body seems to thrill in every feather. Now a flight of birds sweeps across the scene, mingling their cries and calls and chatter in a harmony that is strange and quaint, but wonderfully pleasant to the ear. As they float afar into the blue distance, I ask myself if there be anything gracefuller in creation than the motion of the bird—it is so facile, so fluent, so well-balanced, and so firm. How unconstrained, how free, this roamer of the aerial spaces, whether he shoots straight to his mark like an arrow, or winnows the air in sweeping curves, or sails on high in the glory of the sunshine! Oh, the wonder and the potency of wings!

The characteristics of the wing are seen to perfection in the frigate-bird, which, with extended pinions, fifteen feet from tip to tip, mounts and mounts above us until he is almost lost to the unaided sight; and travels with such velocity that he has been said to “breakfast at the Senegal and dine in America.” Swiftest when he follows the wind, slowest when he confronts it, he nevertheless poises always with the same ease, and does not appear to give a stroke of the wing the more in storm and tempest than in the calmest weather. Of doubt or incapacity he nothing knows; his flight never falters, seldom tires; when he rests, his huge motionless “pens” support him; he sleeps upon the storm. But you may observe the same certainty, the same confidence in the rapid movements of the wood-pigeon; in the upward swerves of the skylark; or in those beautiful sidelong motions of the swallow which it is such a joy to behold. As he glides lightly over the daisied fields, almost ruffling the bladed grass with glancing plumes; then with a few bold strokes soars high up into the luminous air, to descend suddenly upon a shining pool, and make a passing ablution in its clear cool waters—is he not the very embodiment “of the poetry of motion”? Observe, too, the kestrel or windhover, whose flight is more various than that of the swallow, and, I suppose, is not less swift. 'Tis not easy to describe it—for at one time it is marked by a number of short rapid “flappings,” like the quick paddles of an expert oarsman; then it suddenly passes into a graceful sliding measure,

in which the wings apparently take no part; then, again, they are seen to beat lightly to and fro, and with alternate flappings and slidings the bird rises higher and yet higher, until after long “hoverings” on his strong, pointed wings—a speck against the blue—all at once he comes precipitately down to pounce upon some poor heedless mouse, pasturing among the ears of corn.

A singularly individual quality of flight belongs to the tree-pipit, a bird which comes to us with the early blooms of spring. From the green top of stalwart elm or oak he plunges into the waves of air like a bold swimmer into the sea; and, recovering himself with a few rapid wing-beats, rises, almost vertically, to an altitude it makes one dizzy to think of—balances there for a moment, like the lark—and then, with wings hardly astir, slides downward, in smooth, agreeable lapses, to his original starting-point. While he soars he sings; and while he sings he soars; and, singing and soaring, fills up the sunny day with happiness.

Watching these soft undulations and easy wanderings through the atmosphere—to the human eye so trackless, and yet traversed by the bird with such unerring certainty—one comes to understand the longing which seized upon the Psalmist—“Oh, that I had wings like a dove, then would I fly away and be at rest!” There is a strong fascination in such unbounded freedom of action, in such swift conquest of distance; and something to yearn after in that fresh, pure breath of heaven which the bird drinks in with his being as he climbs “the azure heights.” Who of us has not felt it? Who of us, in our hours of dejection and failure, has not repeated, with a throb of the heart, the Psalmist's aspiration? or sighed, like the German poet, for—

Wings! to hover free o'er the dawn-empurpled sea;

Wings! above life to soar, and beyond death for evermore!

To see the eagle start from its craggy fastness among the hills of Morven, and sweep triumphantly through the skiey wastes, while we—*we*—are chained to this monotonous earth—to humanity's daily labours, daily sufferings, daily anxieties—to this vast Necropolis, which holds the dust of so many myriads of victims! Oh! it is a sharp rebuke to human pride! I can hear the cry of mortal anguish: “Why dost thou not take me upon thy pinions, O king of the air? Why am not I, like thee, elevated above the fatalities of existence? ‘Oh, that I had wings, like a dove!’ and could leave beneath me this barren world, where Death reigns supreme over our loves and friendships—over our dreams and ambitions—over our hopes and fears!—this empty world, where our best thoughts are crushed by the pressure of life's daily burden, our highest impulses spent upon impotent efforts! ‘Oh, that I had wings, like a dove!’”

Vain as the wish may be, I, for one, do not find fault with it, since it is a testimony to that nobler nature within us which seeks, with a mortal yearning, to ascend above the things of time and sense, which covets the taste of immortality and the savour of a full and perfect knowledge. It was a feeling of this kind which induced the Greek poets to endow Psyche, the embodied soul, with wings; and the Talmudists to invent the winged orders of cherubim and seraphim. On the wings of Faith and Hope, indeed, whither may not the untrammelled spirit rise? These dreams of ours—as an eloquent French writer puts it—these dreams, so something within us whispers, are not wholly dreams, but glimpses of a world of truth; momentary flashes of celestial glory breaking through the lower clouds—radiant promises to be fulfilled hereafter! Oh, that I had wings, like a dove!

W. H. D.-A.

# THE GRANVILLE HOTEL.

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A SPECIAL TRAIN, “The Granville Express,” runs daily from Victoria (3.15) and Holborn Viaduct (3.10), by the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, arriving at 5.15, and from Charing-cross (3.25) and Cannon-street (3.33) by the South-Eastern Railway.

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#### Opinions of the Press.

“The Granville at Ramsgate is flourishing, to judge by the run upon it. The hotel itself is a monument of reckless expenditure by that Early English architect, Mr. Pugin; but this, of course, is to the benefit of those who use it. The food, which used to be so-so, is now excellent; the air is so fresh and crisp, even during the spell of hot weather, that eating is a positive pleasure.”—*Truth*.

“From having been a long suffering victim to sciatica and rheumatism, I have tried most of the Continental waters with no such satisfactory result—except in the solitary case of Aix-les-Bains, perhaps—as the ozone baths at the hotel (the Granville), which afford the most efficacious relief to both complaints. As a hydropathic establishment, at which Turkish and other description of baths can be obtained, the Granville has undergone vast improvement since its occupation by Mr. Quartermaine East and his son, Mr. Bate-man East; while the *cuisine* will compare with the Schweitzerhof at Lucerne, or any other renowned Continental hotel.”—*Morning Post*.

“Certainly no English hotel can produce the equal of its chef. The attendance is excellent, and if you wish to dine *table d'hôte*-ically, you may do so with luxury and solid comfort.”—*The World*.





THE LATE HON. GUY DAWNAY,  
KILLED BY A BUFFALO IN MASAILAND, EAST AFRICA.



THE LATE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.  
SEE "OBITUARY."

### THE QUEEN AT BIARRITZ AND BAYONNE.

Her Majesty, accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, has returned from Biarritz, arriving at Windsor on Wednesday, April 3, between six and seven in the evening. The incidents of the Queen's sojourn at Biarritz, from March 7, and her excursions over the Spanish frontier to Fontarabia and to San Sebastian, where she was met by the Queen of Spain on Wednesday, March 27, have been noticed week by week. Among these incidents was that of her witnessing, on March 12, at a fête given by the Municipality of Biarritz, the playing of a match of "pélote au rebot," a kind of lawn-tennis, which is the national game of the Basque people, and in which two local clubs vied with each other for the championship; the captain of the victorious side was introduced to her Majesty, and received her thanks and congratulations. The ball is struck with a sort of large gauntlet of wickerwork, worn on the right hand; there are five players on each side. The Queen several times drove over to the town of Bayonne, which is about five miles from Biarritz, and which contains monuments of historical interest to English visitors. The Cathedral, a large Gothic edifice, begun in the thirteenth century, was partly built during the English rule of Gascony under Edward the Black Prince. Her Majesty

also visited the English cemetery at St. Etienne, which is the burial-place of the officers and soldiers of the 2nd Life Guards and of the Coldstream Guards, killed during the siege of Bayonne by the Duke of Wellington's army, in April, 1814, at the end of the Peninsular War. The ground was purchased by the Guards in that year; the cemetery was restored by them in 1830, and again in 1858. Miss Holburne, of Bath, gave a sum of money, in 1877, to put the cemetery into its present condition, and to keep it in order. Mr. P. A. Hurt, one of the trustees of this fund, lives close by, and was in attendance to show the cemetery to her Majesty, and to give explanations. By the Queen's order, Sir Henry Ponsonby placed on the officers' graves wreaths of immortelles, with a card inscribed "V.R.L., 1889." We are indebted to Major G. G. Clowes, late of the 8th Hussars, for the sketches of these subjects.

The Board of Trade have received silver medals of the third class, which have been awarded by the Norwegian Government to Robert Ward, master; Michael Henan, mate; and Samuel Amos, Simon Clark, Algernon Squire, and John Howard, seamen, of the fishing-smack Agnes Louisa, of Grimsby, in recognition of their services in rescuing the crew of the brig Skjold, of Drammen, in March, 1873.

### THE LATE HON. GUY DAWNAY.

Much regret has been occasioned by the sad news of the death of this gentleman, who was killed by a buffalo, while hunting in Masailand, East Africa. The Hon. Guy Cuthbert Dawnay, a younger son of the seventh Viscount Downe, and brother of the present Peer, was born in July, 1848, and was educated at Eton and at Christchurch College, Oxford. He held a Commission in the Army, and served with his brother Lord Downe in the Zulu War of 1879, and in the Transport Department of the Forces at Suakim in 1885, receiving for each campaign the war medal and two clasps. He was elected M.P. for the North Riding of Yorkshire in 1882, and in 1885 held the office of Surveyor-General of Ordnance; but in that year was an unsuccessful candidate for the Cleveland division of the North Riding, and has since been travelling much in Africa. He was unmarried. The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Russell and Sons, 17, Baker-street.

More than 28,000 persons watched at Kennington Oval, on March 30, the contest at football between the Wolverhampton Wanderers and the Preston North-End team for the English Challenge Cup. After a well-contested struggle the cup was won by the Preston team, the score being three goals to none.

x Mr Philip Hurt



THE QUEEN VISITING THE CEMETERY OF THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS AT ST. ETIENNE, BAYONNE.



## THE CAPE BUFFALO.

The African buffalo has often been declared to be the most dangerous wild beast of that continent for a hunter to encounter in conflict—more formidable than either the elephant or the lion. The "Bos Caffer," or Cape buffalo, attains a great size, often weighing nearly fifty stone, and has speed as well as enormous strength. Its colour is deep brown or black; it has a pendant dewlap, and its large black horns are terrific weapons, extending to the right and left of the head, and turning upward to sharp points, which are nearly 5 ft. apart. Any man or beast once caught between these horns is sure to be killed; even the lion is thus gored to death, while his teeth and claws make no impression on the thick plates of bone and horn that shield the buffalo's forehead. Herds of five or six hundred buffalos together roam over the plains of South Africa, and cannot be easily or safely approached. The true buffalo of South and East Africa is a very different animal from that which is called the buffalo on the prairies of North America, which is really the bison, a slow and stupid creature.

A meeting for the formation of a Polytechnic Institute for South-west London was held at Grosvenor House on April 4, under the presidency of the Duke of Westminster. Several gentlemen spoke in support of the scheme.



THE CAPE BUFFALO.

Wanning Post.

Cambridge.

Oxford.

Umpire's Launch.

## THE UNIVERSITIES' BOAT RACE.

The annual boat-race along the course from Putney to Mortlake between the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge was rowed on March 30, in view of a great concourse of people, in twenty minutes fourteen seconds. Cambridge began to draw in front slowly and surely after the first half-minute, and continued to go. The vantage of the Surrey bend between the Soapworks and Chiswick took them very rapidly away over that part of the course; later on Oxford picked up a length or two. The fiat of Mr. Fairrie, the judge (an old C.U.B.C. oarsman), was that the race was won by a "length and a quarter clear." Most of our contemporaries give the distance as greater than this; but the view from steamers astern of a race does not enable the eye to take in the calculation of the canvas ends of the two boats, which lie low in the water. Oxford kept their form much better than might have been expected. Up Horse Reach they were rowing as even as a pair-oar; in the broken water at the finish, ruffled by wind and churned by steamers, they rolled a little, but that was venial. The Cambridge coxswain steered a steady course, and performed much better than in practice. The race of this year will be long remembered on account of the unique composition of the Cambridge crew, every man being the same, even as to his seat in the boat, as that of the preceding



THE FINISH OF THE BOAT-RACE AT MORTLAKE: "CAMBRIDGE WINS!"

year. The crew was a good one, and above the average. The president, Muttelbury, has now accomplished a "record" for Cambridge, having rowed in four winning matches against the rival University; till now, Frank Willan, of Oxford, was the only "blue" who could boast such a record, and he can add to his extra victory of Oxford v. Harvard.

The new County Councils formally came into existence on April 1. Mr. Ritchie, President of the Local Government Board, journeyed from London to Leicester to receive an address from the Town Council, and to attend a luncheon given by the Mayor, Mr. Alderman Wood, to the members of the newly-elected County Council. In the course of a speech, Mr. Ritchie expressed satisfaction at the "revolution" which had taken place almost with universal assent. He hoped in the present Session to bring in a Bill for the creation of District Councils on lines more acceptable than those of last year, and he trusted that future Governments would more and more extend the powers of



THE QUEEN AT BIARRITZ WITNESSING THE BASQUE NATIONAL GAME OF "PELOTE AU REBOT."

County Councils. — The first meeting of the County Council for Middlesex was held in the Townhall, Westminster, Mr. Littler, Q.C., presiding. The first meeting of the Surrey County Council was held in the Newington Sessions House, Alderman Leycester Penrhyn presiding. The Marquis of Salisbury, as an Alderman, attended the first meeting, held at Hertford, of the Hertford County Council.

Princess Mary Adelaide, who was accompanied by Princess Victoria and Prince George of Teck, visited White-chapel on April 1, and opened additional premises in connection with the George-yard Mission Schools.

The London Commercial Travellers' Benevolent Society held its annual meeting at Cannon-street Hotel on March 30. The report stated that the total membership was now 830. The sum of £851 9s. 8d. had been received during the year, which, with the balance in hand at the commencement of the year of £2876, brought the total receipts up to £3727. There was a balance in hand at the present time of £3517.



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Many others might be quoted did space permit, but the two highest medical authorities will, it is hoped, be deemed sufficient.

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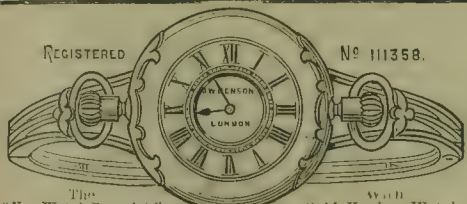
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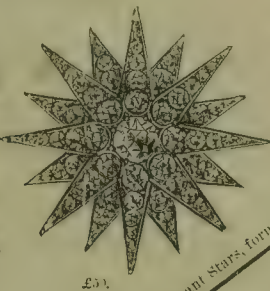


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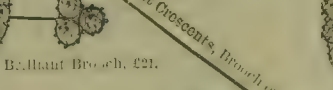


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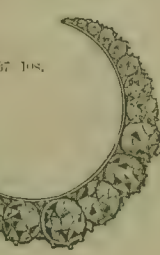
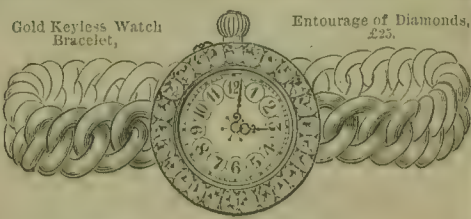


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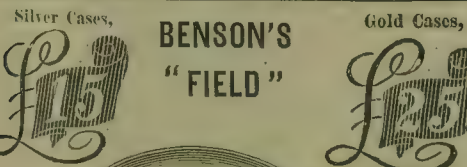
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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated April 5, 1884), with two codicils (dated June 7 and Aug. 28, 1888), of Mr. Daniel Thwaites, late of Blackburn, Lancashire, and Addison Lodge, Addison-road, Kensington, who died in Scotland on Sept. 21, was proved on March 27 by Joseph Keetch Aston, and William Ward, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to upwards of £464,000. The testator bequeaths £3000, all his pictures, plate, household furniture, carriages and horses, £10,000 per annum (which he charges on his real estate), and the use, for life, of his house, to his wife, Mrs. Eliza Amelia Thwaites; £2000 to his daughter, Elma Amy Thwaites; £5000 to Mary Jane Gregory; £2000 to his sister, Mrs. Betty Ward; £1000 each to his nephew James Thwaites and to his nieces Elizabeth and Mary Thwaites; and legacies to his executors, clerks, managers, and servants. He gives Springburn House, the Sing Brook Brewery, and a large number of freehold and leasehold public-houses to his nephew William Ward, but charged with the payment of £30,000 to his residuary estate; and he devises all other his freehold, leasehold, and copyhold estates (except the Eanam Brewery, his real estate in Scotland, and certain public-houses, which are to be sold), upon trust, for his first and other sons, and in default thereof to his daughter, Elma Amy Thwaites, for life, with remainder to her first and other sons. The residue of his personal estate he leaves upon trusts similar to those declared of the bulk of his real estate.

Letters of administration of the personal effects of Mr. William Horatio Crawford, late of Lakelands, Cork, who died on Oct. 18, a bachelor, without parent, brother, sister, or grand-parent, were granted at Cork on Feb. 16, to Henry Crawford, the uncle and one of the next of kin, and resealed in London on March 20, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £328,000.

The Scotch Confirmation, under Seal of the Commissariat of Kircudbright, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated Nov. 22, 1887) of Mr. John Lindsay Scott, J.P., D.L., late of Mollance, Castle Douglas, N.B., who died on Oct. 23 last, granted to Henry Bargrave Deane, Mrs. Mary Gillham or Scott, the widow, William Buedon Müller, and Charles Tollemache Scott, the executors nominate and assumed, was resealed in London on March 25, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to upwards of £148,000.

The will (dated Dec. 21, 1877), with a codicil (dated March 9, 1887), of Mr. Edward Norton Clifton, late of No. 113, Harley-street, Cavendish-square, who died on Jan. 8, was proved on March 21 by Mrs. Sophia Jane Clifton, the widow, John Lumsden Propert, and William Francis Fladgate, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £86,000. The testator bequeaths the investments made in his lifetime, in the name of himself and wife, and all his furniture and household effects to his wife, and legacies to executors. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and subject thereto to his children as tenants in common; but any sums advanced to them in his lifetime are to be brought into hotchpot.

The will (dated Jan. 8, 1887), with two codicils (dated Jan. 21 and 30, 1887), of Antonio Alvaro Paterno Asmundo,

Prince di Sperlinga and Manganelli, formerly of Palermo, Italy, but late of No. 4, Rue de Rome, Paris, who died on Aug. 3, was proved in London on March 21 by Giuseppe Alvaro Paterno, Duke del Palazzo, the son and universal legatee, the value of the personal estate exceeding £61,000 in England. The testator bequeaths 200,000 lire to his grandson, Ignazio Lanza di Mirto; 30 lire a month to Mlle. Anne Foley, for life; and a gold watch and chain to his friend Count Francesco Pellini. He recommends his sister to his son, and is confident that, as a perfect gentleman, he will not neglect her. He constitutes his son heir to all the law allows him to dispose of, and leaves the corpus to his grandson, Antonio.

The will (dated Jan. 17, 1881), with three codicils (dated March 11 and 29, 1884; and Sept. 3, 1888), of Mr. Edward Tompson, late of Lincoln's Inn and "Dromenagh," Iver, Bucks, who died on Jan. 30, was proved on March 27 by Edward Carrier Smith Tompson and John Alfred Tompson, the sons, and Charles Clifton Nielson, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £51,000. The testator devises "Mansfield House" and all lands and premises on the south-east side of the road leading from Denham to Windsor, and his wharf at Uxbridge Moor on the Grand Junction Canal, to his son Edward Carrier Smith Tompson; and his mansion-house called "Dromenagh" and all lands on the north-west side of the above-named road and on both sides of the road leading from that road to Fulmer, to his son John Alfred Tompson. He bequeaths £10,000, upon trust, to pay £300 per annum to his daughter Mary Catherine Tompson, for life, and at her death the capital sum is to be divided between her children; £5000 to his son John Alfred, and legacies to his executor Mr. Nielson, and to servants. The residue of his property he leaves between his said two sons.

The will (dated July 29, 1884) of Miss Agnes Sarah Adams, formerly of "Redingtons," Enfield, and late of No. 17, Abbey-road, St. John's-wood, who died on Feb. 17, was proved on March 6 by Frederick Charleström Adams and Hubert Jordan Adams, the brothers, and James Scovell Adams, the executors, the value of the personal estate being sworn to exceed £33,000. The testatrix gives £500 each to the Bishop of London's Fund, the Hospital for Diseases of the Chest (Brompton), and the Cancer Hospital (Brompton); £250 each to St. Thomas's Hospital, the United Kingdom Beneficent Society, and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts; £250 to the Vicar of Enfield, to be expended at his own discretion for the benefit of his church; and legacies to relatives. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves, as to one third thereof, upon trust, for her sister-in-law, Mrs. Sarah Frances Adams, for life or widowhood, and then to her two nieces, Edith Frances Adams and Beatrice Caroline Adams, and the remaining two thirds, upon trust, for her two brothers, Frederick Charleström Adams and Hubert Jordan Adams, for life, and on their respective deaths to her said two nieces and her two nephews, Francis Bryant Adams and Harold Thomas Adams, in equal shares.

The will (dated July 28, 1885) of Mr. Edgar Frederick Latour, late of the Bengal Civil Service, and of No. 17, Kensington Gardens-terrace, who died on Feb. 17, was proved on March 21 by Gideon Colquhoun Sounce and William Sutherland Wells, the executors, the value of the personal

estate exceeding £25,000. The testator bequeaths all the money at his bankers and in the house, and his trinkets, jewels, &c., to his wife, together with the use, for life, of his house and furniture, and other small legacies. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and on her death he gives £400 to the children of his niece, Mrs. Auta Dunster; £200 to his nephew, William Young Latour; £100 each to Georgiana Dickson and Bertie De Latour; £500 to Marie Louise Coulbank; £1000 to Mrs. Caroline Ross; and the ultimate residue between his nephews and nieces—viz., Edward Joseph, Cecil, Harry, Maud, and Mabel De Latour.

The April programme for the Royal Victoria Hall, Waterloo Bridge-road, S.E., announces some interesting concerts, which will be the last this season.

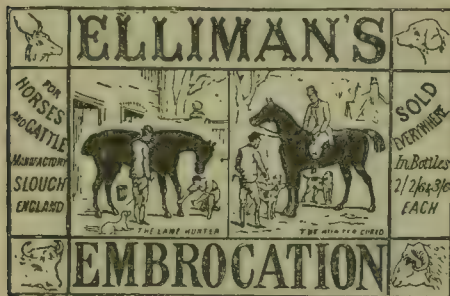
Sir Philip Currie, K.C.B., has been appointed Permanent Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, in succession to Sir Julian Pauncefote, G.C.M.G.; and Sir Thomas Sanderson, K.C.M.G., C.B., has been appointed to succeed him as Assistant Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

A great hall in High Holborn, on the site of the old Holborn Amphitheatre, was opened on March 30. The theatre which formerly stood on the spot was never a success, nor was the near neighbour to it, on the place where the First-Avenue Hotel stands. There is now no theatre between Drury-Lane and Sadler's-Wells. The new building is called the "Central Hall," and comprises two halls, the larger possessing a great capacity, being 170 ft. by 50 ft. high, and 90 ft. in width. The lighting is by the Wenham system. Mr. Purkiss, who owned the late theatre, has had the enterprise to erect the hall, which has already been engaged for exhibitions and meetings.

The members of the London General Porters' Benevolent Institution, which has for its object the providing and granting of pensions to infirm or permanently disabled porters and messengers of all trade houses, partook of their twenty-second anniversary dinner in the Whitehall Rooms, Hôtel Métropole, on March 29. About 130 gentlemen were present, Mr. Jonathan Crocker being in the chair. The chairman said the institution was in a highly prosperous condition, the total of subscriptions up to date of the anniversary dinner being £1805. The porters themselves had collected £44 14s. 10d. of this amount. The subscriptions on the chairman's list were about £2000. In addition to this, the stewards for the dinner collected £1124.

The Local Government Board have issued a circular to County Councils in which they explain the provisions of the Local Government Act applicable to the accounts of those bodies. The "local financial year" will run from April 1 to March 31, and all receipts and disbursements will go through the county fund. Although the Local Government Act requires the Board to prescribe the form of County Council accounts, the Board say that until further experience has been gained they do not deem it advisable to do so at present. All the accounts of County Councils will have to be audited by the district auditors, and it will be the duty of the County Council to submit to the auditor a financial statement. This does not apply to the Provisional Councils, and consequently the accounts of the receipts and expenditure of these Councils will not be audited by the district auditors. The first audit, therefore, will not be held until after March 31, 1890.

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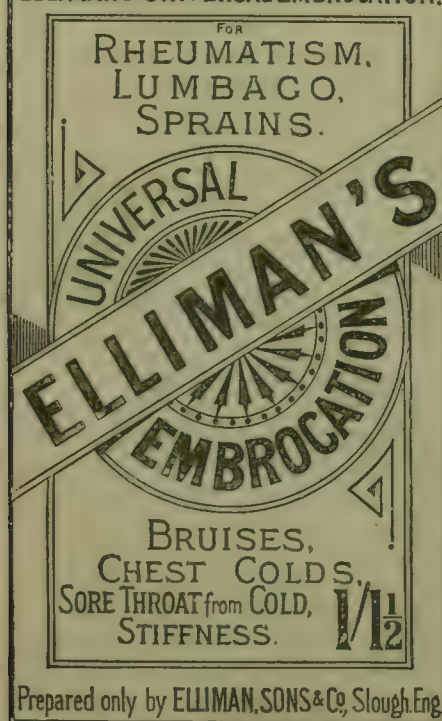
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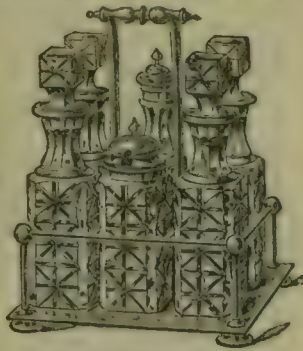


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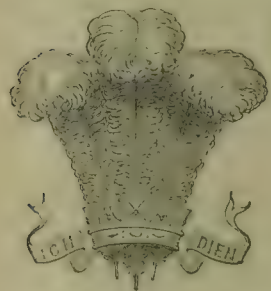
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## THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Queen Victoria's visit to the Queen-Regent of Spain was one of those kindly acts which her Majesty so well judges how and when to do. That the woman-Sovereign who has for more than half a century illustrated the virtues of a ruler should visit the younger one by whom the traditions of female monarchy in Spain have been redeemed, was as suitable to the high estate of the Sovereigns as it was womanly in its kindness. Who can doubt that the younger Queen felt at once honoured and encouraged by the meeting? There are few moments more precious to a young and ardent soul, to whom duty is a word of meaning, and to do right a high ambition, than when one who has fought for the long years of almost a lifetime through similar trials, against like temptations, and for the same ideals of conduct, gives, in a few words of approval and encouragement, as it were the accolade on the field of battle to that other whose struggle has most of it to come. The Queen-Regent of Spain has filled a most difficult position for three years past with marked success. Within the last few weeks, we have seen the heir to a throne fling away his life to escape from the sorrows that his position had brought him to, and a crowned King cast the burden of his State, as one too grievous to be borne, from his own shoulders on to those of a boy of twelve. Queen Christina, a young woman, has held her post steadily and courageously, and yet sweetly, through dangers and troubles; a young widow, her most coveted pleasure has been to be a true mother to her son; and she well deserved a visit of friendship and respect from the Queen of Great Britain, who for so many more years has done her duty and earned respect as woman and as monarch.

Amongst the modern developments of club life, the Society Club is the most pleasant novelty. The exclusively masculine club is an established institution; the mixed club for men and women has been tried, and, on the whole, has failed, though one such still maintains its existence. The Society Club occupies an intermediary position. It is a club of which men alone are members, and for them it provides ordinary club accommodation, while there is a special dining-room into which ladies may be taken to lunch by members, and at frequent intervals the club gives social entertainments, soirées, balls, concerts, or picnics to wives of members and their other lady friends. Needless to say that this makes the institution almost popular with the ladies, who are fairly content that their lords shall go to the club three or four nights a week if they are admitted to its hospitalities three or four times a month. The company is kept thoroughly select, too, for each member is personally responsible for the ladies whom he invites to meet the wives and daughters of other members.

There is more than one such club in London now; and the Prince of Wales goes to more than one occasionally; but the Lyric is the leading establishment of the sort. It has a fine place—"a palatial edifice" in sober earnest—near Piccadilly,

and it has a country seat, once the abode of the Earl of Lonsborough, down the Thames, at which it gives garden-parties in the season, and to which members can drive when they like. Boat-Race day opened it for the first time this year, when, besides those who went down by road, a fashionable party was taken down from Westminster to Barnes in a steam-launch specially chartered, had lunch, saw the race, and returned in the same boat in the afternoon. The Marquis of Abergavenny, Lord Erne, Lord Lonsborough, and a dozen other men well known in society, formed the reception committee. Lunch was provided for a thousand people, and everybody came away at last happy, except that considerable minority who lost all view of the race from an excessive devotion to poulet à la reine and pineapple cream.

How near we are to the height of the London season comes home to us when the day arrives for visiting the studios, and the opening of the Royal Academy is thus realised to be at hand. The Prince and Princess of Wales and Princess Mary and her daughter went to a number of artists' houses on Sunday. It is an amusing afternoon's occupation to go from studio to studio, meeting friends here and presently again there, and seeing the artists' work placed on the easels by loving hands, in the most favourable light, and not "killed" by the proximity of other colours and diverse scenes. No picture ever looks quite so well in an exhibition as it does in its parental abode. The artists, however, generally bear the aspect of sufferers on these occasions, and do not show to the same advantage as their works in their studios. I can quite understand it. It is sufficiently trying to read one's friends' comments on one's books in their kindly-meant letters; and considerably worse to peruse their anonymous criticisms. As Charlotte Brontë says:—"Friends, who—bless them!—while they would not perhaps positively do one an injury, still take a dear delight in dashing with bitterness the too sweet cup of success." But what would it be to read one's new article to all-comers, over and over again, and to hear one batch after another struggle to say something pleasing, and half the time blunder and flounder so as to leave exactly the opposite impression! This is the lot of artists on "Studio day"; and most of them look as if they will be truly happy when dinner-time comes, and the last of the successive relays of the intrusive tribe retires. Why do they invite you, then? Fashion; pure and simple—fashion requires studio invitations. Nearly all the artists do it. Not quite. Sir Frederick Leighton is "at home" on that day, but then he is equally at home all the year round, and sends out no special invitation for the end of the month of March. Sir James Linton, again, the President of the Water-Colour Institute, has no "studio-day"; but Lady Linton has a weekly "at home," and when there is anything freshly finished in the studio, friends may see it. Brilliant Mrs. Jopling, too, never looks in the least different on this occasion from what she does on every other; but then she is always having studio parties, and this is just like those gatherings usually are. In her studio you do not find half-a-dozen guests solemnly staring at the pictures and making remarks to and on the hapless listening artist. There

is a party of (usually) interesting and notable people at Mrs. Jopling's, and the pictures receive only incidental attention.

Amongst the pictures in Mrs. Jopling's studio there is a "study of a head" which has received the honour of being selected by the committee of artists as one of the 130 canvases which are to represent British art at the forthcoming Paris Exhibition. It will worthily stand as a typical English woman artist's production, having those qualities of solidity and finish which the French school appreciate. It is a beautiful auburn-haired head, with a green velvet dress seen only to the bust, and the square-cut opening surrounded by Eastern embroidery of many colours. Most of Mrs. Jopling's works this year are portraits, but there is one subject-picture, a young widow taking "a last view of the old home." Mrs. Henrietta Rae has one of her usual ambitious and successful works, illustrating a classic story of how a jealous wife, spying on her husband in the woods, was mistaken by him for an approaching wild beast, and accidentally shot, while yet unseen, with an arrow given by Diana, and therefore warranted to kill without aim. The moment chosen for the picture is when the lightly-draped form of the beautiful girl is half raised from the ground in its death-agony, while the hunter, bursting through the bushes in search of his prey, perceives what he has done. Mr. Kennington has painted an interesting portrait of Mme. Marian Mackenzie. Mr. Schmalz has a charming picture of "The King's Daughter" going to her bridegroom, described in the Psalms; and Mr. Solomon's allegory of "Sacred and Profane Love" will impress by its extraordinary power.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

The Society of Arts has guaranteed £100 towards the autumn exhibition of the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society.

Mr. Edward Dicey announces in the *Observer* that he has retired from the editorship of that journal, which will in future be conducted by Mr. H. D. Traill.

The arrangements for the transference of the Submarine Telegraph Company's cables to the direct control of the Post Office being complete, the new system came into operation on April 1. The charges for telegrams to Germany, France, Holland, and Belgium are fixed uniformly at twopence per word, tenpence being the minimum charge.

The Belgian mail-steamer *Comtesse de Flandre* was run down by the steamer *Princesse Henriette* on her passage from Dover to Ostend. The boilers of the *Comtesse de Flandre* exploded after the collision; the steamer parted amidships, the fore-part sinking and the stern-part being towed towards Ostend, where it sank. Three passengers were drowned, another died after being rescued, and eleven of the crew, including the captain and the mates, were drowned or killed.—An excursion-train from Liverpool, Preston, and Southport, conveying passengers for the Boat-Race on the Thames and the football-match at Kennington Oval, met with an accident near the Penistone Station. F. Jones, a carpenter, was killed, and many other passengers were seriously injured. Much injury was done to the railway, and many carriages were smashed.



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OBITUARY.

THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM AND CHANDOS.

The Most Honourable Sir Richard Plantagenet Campbell Temple-Nugent-Brydges-Chandos-Grenville, Duke and Marquis of Buckingham and Chandos, in the Peerage of the United Kingdom, Earl Temple, Viscount and Baron Cobham, in the Peerage of Great Britain, Earl Nugent, in the Peerage of Ireland, and Lord Kinloss in that of Scotland, P.C., K.C.S.I., C.I.E., D.C.L., Lord Lieutenant of Buckinghamshire, and Honorary Colonel Bucks Yeomanry Cavalry, died at his town residence, Chandos House, Cavendish-square, on March 26. His Grace was born Sept. 10, 1823, the only son of Richard Plantagenet, second Duke of Buckingham, K.G., by Mary, his wife, the youngest daughter of John, first Marquis of Breadalbane, and was educated at Eton and at Christchurch, Oxford. He entered the House of Commons, being then Marquis of Chandos, as member for Buckingham in 1846, and in 1861 succeeded his father in the family honours. He was a Lord of the Treasury in 1852, Keeper of the Privy Seal to the Prince of Wales 1852 to 1859, Lord President of the Council 1866 to 1867, Secretary of State for the Colonies 1867 to 1868, Governor of Madras 1875 to 1880, and Chairman of Committees in the House of Lords 1886 up to the time of his death. He was Deputy Warden of the Stannaries, Lieutenant-Colonel Commandant and Honorary Colonel Bucks Yeomanry Cavalry, and Honorary Colonel 1st Middlesex Artillery Volunteers, and one of the coheirs to the Barony of Bouchier. His Grace married, first, Oct. 1, 1851, Caroline, only daughter of Mr. Robert Harvey, of Langley Park, in the county of Buckingham, and sister of Sir Robert Bateson-Harvey, first Baronet; and secondly, Feb. 17, 1885, Alice Anne, eldest daughter of Sir Graham Graham-Montgomery, Bart. By his first wife, who died Feb. 28, 1874, he had three daughters—Lady Mary Morgan, who now succeeds to the Barony of Kinloss (the Dukedom and Marquisate of Buckingham having become extinct owing to no male issue), Lady Anne Hadaway, and Lady

Caroline Grenville. The Earldom of Temple passes to the late Duke's nephew, Mr. William Stephen Gore-Langton, of Newton Park, who was M.P. for Mid-Somerset 1878-85; the Viscounty of Cobham devolves on the present Lord Lyttelton.

THE EARL OF CARLISLE.

The Right Hon. William George Howard, eighth Earl of Carlisle, Viscount Howard of Morpeth, and Baron Dacre of Gillesland, and co-heir to the Baronies of Clifford and Greystock, died on March 29. His Lordship was born Feb. 23, 1808, the third son of George, sixth Earl of Carlisle, K.G., by Georgiana, his wife, eldest daughter and co-heiress of the fifth Duke of Devonshire, and succeeded to the family honours on Dec. 5, 1864, on the decease of his gifted brother, the seventh Earl of Carlisle, K.G., so long the popular Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. The nobleman whose death we record was educated at Christchurch, Oxford, and, entering holy orders, was Rector of Londesborough for forty-five years. He has died unmarried, and is succeeded by his nephew, George James, now ninth Earl of Carlisle, late M.P. for East Cumberland; born in 1843; and married, in 1864, to Rosalind Frances, daughter of the second Lord Stanley of Alderley, by whom he has Charles James Stanley, Viscount Morpeth, and several other children. The Howards of Castle Howard and Naworth, represented by the Earls of Carlisle, are a famous branch of the ducal House of Norfolk.

MR. DUNCOMBE-SHAFTO.

Mr. Robert Duncombe-Shafto, of Whitworth Park, in the county of Durham, formerly M.P. for North Durham, died on March 22 at his residence, 10, Collingham-gardens, S.W. He was born, April 7, 1806, the eldest son of Mr. Robert Eden Duncombe-Shafto, of Whitworth Park, M.P., by Catherine, his wife, the third daughter of Sir John Eden, fourth Baronet, of West Auckland, in the county of Durham. He was a J.P. and Deputy Lieutenant for Durham, a J.P. for Wilts, and Honorary Colonel 2nd South Durham Volunteers. In 1847 he entered Parliament for North Durham, which he continued to represent up to 1868. Mr. Duncombe-Shafto married, in

1838, Charlotte Rosa, daughter of Mr. William Baring, and leaves, with other issue, a son, Robert Charles, born July, 1843.

SIR FREDERICK HUGHES, BART.

Sir Frederick Hughes, Bart., of East Bergholt, in the county of Suffolk, died at his residence, Launceston, Tasmania, Australia, on Feb. 1, aged seventy-three. He was the second son of the late Reverend Robert Hughes (brother of Sir Richard Hughes, fourth Baronet), by Judith, his wife, daughter of Mr. Robert Porteous. He succeeded his cousin, Sir Edward Hughes, sixth Baronet, Aug. 8, 1871. He married, in 1848, Matilda, daughter of Mr. Edmund Yates, but leaves no issue. The title consequently devolves on his uncle, now Sir Thomas Collingwood Hughes (Rector of Little Billing, Northamptonshire), eighth Baronet, born Aug. 12, 1800, who married, first, in 1820, Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. Robert Butcher, which lady died in 1879, and secondly, in 1881, Mary Agnes, daughter of Sir William Smith, third Baronet, and leaves issue by both.

We have also to record the deaths of—

The Hon. Henry Haworth Leslie, third son of the Countess of Rothes, in her own right, on March 15, aged forty-four.

Mr. Bousfield Ferrand, the Lord of the Manor of Bingley, at St. Ives, Bingley, on March 31, after a lengthened illness. He was eighty years of age, and at one time represented Knaresborough and Devonport in the House of Commons.

Mr. William Spaight, J.P., an extensive landed proprietor, suddenly, on March 31, in his seventieth year, at his residence, Derry Castle, near Killaloe. He was a brother of Sir James Spaight, Limerick.

MARRIAGE.

On March 30, at the British Consulate and afterwards at the Holy Trinity Church, Nice, France, by the Rev. J. Frere Langford, M.A., Sir William George Johnson, Bart., late Royal Artillery, of St. Matthias, near Montreal, Canada, to Elizabeth Hancock (Cissie) Brown, only daughter of the late Richard Hancock Brown, of Bowdon, Cheshire.

DEATH.

On March 25, at his residence in Brunswick, Germany, C. F. Theodor Steinway, senior member of Steinway and Sons, New York and London, aged 63 years.

\* The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings.

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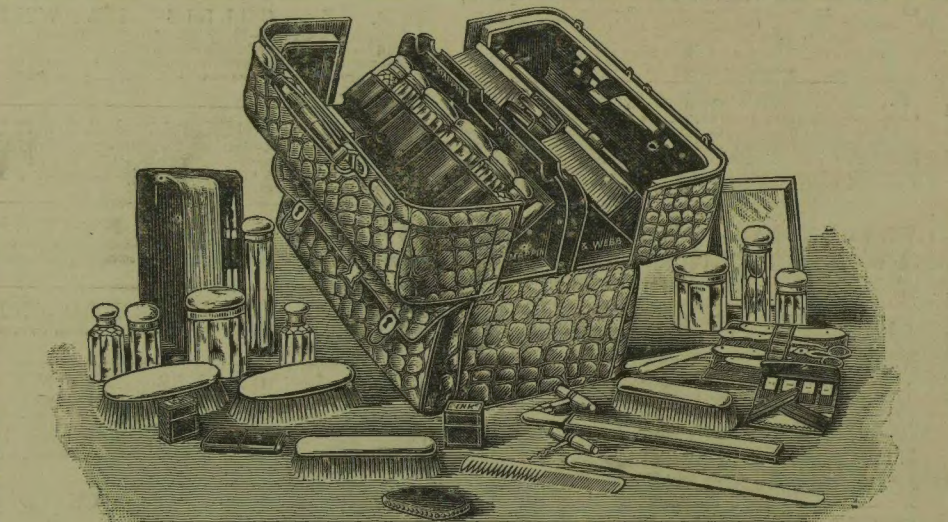
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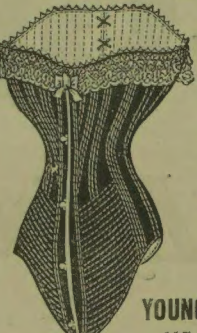
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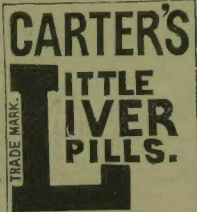
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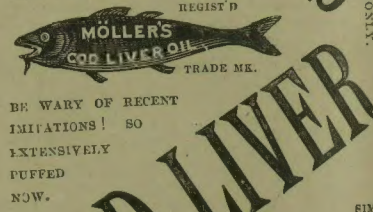
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